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LITERATURE AND ART

Karl Marx AND Frederick Engels

Selections from Their Writings

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LITERATURE AND ART

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KARL MARX

AND

FREDERICK ENGELS

SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS

1952

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This volume represents an initial selection from the writings of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels on literature and art. An additional volume is under preparation. Earlier volumes of selections, published in Russian, German and French by Michael Lifschitz, I. K. Luppol and Jean Freville respectively, have been helpful in the compilation and editing of the present book.

NOTE

In this edition it has not been possible to accent non-English words used occasionally in the text.

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I. ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF ART

The Mode of Production of Material Life Determines the Social, Political and Intellectual Processes of Life

In the social production which men carry on they enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will; these relations of production correspond to a definite stage of development of their material forces of production. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society—the real foundation, on which rises a legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production in material life determines the social, political, and intellectual life processes in general. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the material forces of production in society come in conflict with the existing relations of production, or—what is but a legal expression for the same thing—with the property relations within which they have been at work before. From forms of development of the forces of production these relations turn into their fetters. Then begins an epoch of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed. In considering such transformations a distinction should always be made between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production which can be determined with the precision of natural science, and the legal, political, religious, aesthetic, or philosophic—in short, ideological—forms in which men become conscious of this conflict and fight it out. Just

as our opinion of an individual is not based on what he thinks of himself, so can we not judge of such a period of transformation by its own consciousness; on the contrary this consciousness must be explained rather from the contradictions of material life, from the existing conflict between the social forces of production and the relations of production. No social order ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have been developed; and new higher relations of production never appear before the material conditions of their existence have matured in the womb of the old society itself. Therefore, mankind always sets itself only such tasks as it can solve; since, looking at the matter more closely, we will always find that the task itself arises only when the material conditions necessary for its solution already exist or are at least in the process of formation. In broad outlines we can designate the Asiatic, the ancient, the feudal, and the modern bourgeois modes of production as so many epochs in the progress of the economic formation of society. The bourgeois relations of production are the last antagonistic form of the social process of production—antagonistic not in the sense of individual antagonism, but of one arising from the social conditions of life of the individuals; at the same time the productive forces developing in the womb of bourgeois society create the material conditions for the solution of that antagonism. This social formation constitutes, therefore, the closing chapter of the prehistoric stage of human society.

Karl Marx, "A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," *Selected Works*, Vol. I, pp. 356-57.

Social Existence Determines Consciousness

The thing* is easiest to grasp from the point of view of the division of labour. Society gives rise to certain common functions which it cannot dispense with. The persons selected for these functions form a new branch of the division of

labour *within society*. This gives them particular interests, distinct, too, from the interests of those who gave them their office; they make themselves independent of the latter and—the state is in being. And now the development is the same as it was with commodity trade and later with money trade; the new independent power, while having in the main to follow the movement of production, also, owing to its inward independence, the relative independence originally transferred to it and gradually further developed, reacts in its turn upon the conditions and course of production. It is the interaction of two unequal forces: on the one hand the economic movement, on the other the new political power, which strives for as much independence as possible, and which, having once been established, is also endowed with a movement of its own. On the whole, the economic movement gets its way, but it has also to suffer reactions from the political movement which it established and endowed with relative independence itself, from the movement of the state power on the one hand and of the opposition simultaneously engendered on the other. Just as the movement of the industrial market is, in the main and with the reservations already indicated, reflected in the money market and, of course, in inverted form, so the struggle between the classes already existing and already in conflict with one another is reflected in the struggle between government and opposition, but also in inverted form, no longer directly but indirectly, not as a class struggle but as a fight for political principles, and so distorted that it has taken us thousands of years to get behind it again.

The reaction of the state power upon economic development can be one of three kinds: it can run in the same direction, and then development is more rapid; it can oppose the line of development, in which case nowadays state power in every great nation will go to pieces in the long run; or it can cut off the economic development from certain paths, and impose on it certain others. This case ultimately reduces

* The preceding part of the letter deals with the relations between the money market, trade, and production.—Ed.

itself to one of the two previous ones. But it is obvious that in cases two and three the political power can do great damage to the economic development and result in the squandering of great masses of energy and material.

Then there is also the case of the conquest and brutal destruction of economic resources, by which, in certain circumstances, a whole local or national economic development could formerly be ruined. Nowadays such a case usually has the opposite effect, at least among great nations: In the long run the defeated power often gains more economically, politically, and morally than the victor.

It is similar with law. As soon as the new division of labour which creates professional lawyers becomes necessary, another new and independent sphere is opened up which, for all its general dependence on production and trade, still has its own capacity for reacting upon these spheres as well. In a modern state, law must not only correspond to the general economic position and be its expression, but must also be an expression which is *consistent in itself*, and which does not, owing to inner contradictions, look glaringly inconsistent. And in order to achieve this, the faithful reflection of economic conditions is more and more infringed upon. All the more so the more rarely it happens that a code of law is the blunt, unmitigated, unadulterated expression of the domination of a class—this in itself would already offend the “conception of justice.” Even in the Code Napoleon the pure logical conception of justice held by the revolutionary bourgeoisie of 1792-96 is already adulterated in many ways, and in so far as it is embodied there has daily to undergo all sorts of attenuation owing to the rising power of the proletariat. Which does not prevent the Code Napoleon from being the statute book which serves as a basis for every new code of law in every part of the world. Thus to a great extent the course of the “development of law” only consists: first, in the attempt to do away with the contradictions arising from the direct translation of economic relations into legal principles, and to establish a harmonious system of law, and, then, in the repeated breaches made in this system by influence and pressure of further economic development, which involves it in further

contradictions (I am only speaking here of civil law for the moment).

The reflection of economic relations as legal principles is necessarily also a topsy turvy one: It happens without the person who is acting being conscious of it; the jurist imagines he is operating with *a priori* principles, whereas they are really only economic reflexes; so everything is upside down. And it seems to me obvious that this inversion, which, so long as it remains unrecognized, forms what we call *ideological conception*, reacts in its turn upon the economic basis and may, within certain limits, modify it. The basis of the law of inheritance—assuming that the stages reached in the development of the family are equal—is an economic one. But it would be difficult to prove, for instance, that the absolute liberty of the testator in England and the severe restrictions imposed upon him in France are only due in every detail to economic causes. Both react back, however, on the economic sphere to a very considerable extent, because they influence the division of property.

As to the realms of ideology which soar still higher in the air, religion, philosophy, etc., these have a prehistoric stock, found already in existence and taken over in the historic period, of what we should today call bunk. These various false conceptions of nature, of man's own being, of spirits, magic forces, etc., have for the most part only a negative economic basis; but the low economic development of the prehistoric period is supplemented and also partially conditioned and even caused by the false conceptions of nature. And even though economic necessity was the main driving force of the progressive knowledge of nature and becomes ever more so, it would surely be pedantic to try and find economic causes for all this primitive nonsense. The history of science is the history of the gradual clearing away of this nonsense or of its replacement by fresh but already less absurd nonsense. The people who deal with this belong in their turn to special spheres in the division of labour and appear to themselves to be working in an independent field. And in so far as they form an independent group within the social division of labour, in so far do their productions, including

their errors, react back as an influence upon the whole development of society, even on its economic development. But all the same they themselves remain under the dominating influence of economic development. In philosophy, for instance, this can be most readily proved in the bourgeois period. Hobbes was the first modern materialist (in the eighteenth century sense) but he was an absolutist in a period when absolute monarchy was at its height throughout the whole of Europe and when the fight of absolute monarchy versus the people was beginning in England. Locke, both in religion and politics, was the child of the class compromise of 1688. The English deists and their more consistent successors, the French materialists, were the true philosophers of the bourgeoisie; the French materialists were the true philosophers even of the bourgeois revolution. The German petty bourgeois runs through German philosophy from Kant to Hegel, sometimes positively and sometimes negatively. But the philosophy of every epoch, since it is a definite sphere in the division of labour, has as its presupposition certain definite intellectual material handed down to it by its predecessors, from which it takes its start. And that is why economically backward countries can still play first fiddle in philosophy: France in the eighteenth century compared with England, on whose philosophy the French based themselves, and later Germany in comparison with both. But the philosophy both of France and Germany and the general blossoming of literature at that time were also the result of a rising economic development. I consider the ultimate supremacy of economic development established in these spheres too, but it comes to pass within conditions imposed by the particular sphere itself: in philosophy, for instance, through the operation of economic influences (which again generally only act under political, etc., disguises) upon the existing philosophic material handed down by predecessors. Here economy creates nothing absolutely new (*a novo*), but it determines the way in which the existing material of thought is altered and further developed, and that, too, for the most part indirectly, for it is the political, legal, and moral reflexes which exercise the greatest direct influence upon philosophy.

About religion I have said the most necessary things in the last section on Feuerbach.*

If therefore Barth supposes that we deny any and every reaction of the political, etc., reflexes of the economic movement upon the movement itself, he is simply tilting at windmills. He has only got to look at Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire*, which deals almost exclusively with the *particular* part played by political struggles and events, of course, within their general dependence upon economic conditions. Or *Capital*, the section on the working day, for instance, where legislation, which is surely a political act, has such a trenchant effect. Or the section on the history of the bourgeoisie (Chapter XXIV). Or why do we fight for the political dictatorship of the proletariat if political power is economically impotent? Force (that is, state power) is also an economic power.

But I have no time to criticize the book now. I must first get Volume 3 out and besides I think, too, that Bernstein, for instance, could deal with it quite effectively.

What these gentlemen all lack is dialectic. They never see anything but here cause and there effect. That this is a hollow abstraction, that such metaphysical polar opposites only exist in the real world during crises, while the whole vast process proceeds in the form of interaction (though of very unequal forces, the economic movement being by far the strongest, most elemental and most decisive) and that here everything is relative and nothing is absolute—this they never begin to see. Hegel has never existed for them.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Conrad Schmidt, Oct. 27, 1890, in Karl Marx, *Selected Works*, Vol. I, pp. 383-88.

1. What we understand by the economic conditions which we regard as the determining basis of the history of society are the methods by which human beings in a given society produce their means of subsistence and exchange the products

* See Ludwig Feuerbach, pp. 65-70.—Ed.

among themselves (in so far as division of labour exists).* Thus the *entire technique* of production and transport is here included. According to our conception this technique also determines the method of exchange and, further, the division of products and with it, after the dissolution of tribal society, the division into classes also and hence the relations of lordship and servitude and with them the state, politics, law, etc. Under economic conditions are further included the geographical basis in which they operate and those remnants of earlier stages of economic development which have actually been transmitted and have survived—often only through tradition or the force of inertia; also of course the external milieu which surrounds this form of society.

If, as you say, technique largely depends on the state of science, science depends far more still on the *state* and the *requirements* of technique. If society has a technical need, that helps science forward more than ten universities. The whole of hydrostatics (Torricelli, etc.) was called forth by the necessity for regulating the mountain streams of Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have only known anything reasonable about electricity since its technical applicability was discovered. But unfortunately it has become the custom in Germany to write the history of the sciences as if they had fallen from the skies.

2. We regard economic conditions as the factor which ultimately determines historical development. But race is itself an economic factor. Here, however, two points must not be overlooked:

a. Political, juridical, philosophical, religious, literary, artistic, etc., development is based on economic development. But all these react upon one another and also upon the economic base. It is not that the economic position is the *cause and alone active*, while everything else only has a *passive effect*. There is, rather, interaction on the basis of the economic necessity, which *ultimately always asserts itself*.

* In this letter, Engels answers two questions: 1. How do economic relations have a causal effect? Are they an adequate cause, basis, agency, permanent condition, etc., for development? 2. What is the role played by the race factor and historical individuality?—Ed.

The state, for instance, exercises an influence by tariffs, free trade, good or bad fiscal system; and even the deadly inanition and impotence of the German petty bourgeois, arising from the miserable economic position of Germany from 1648 to 1830 and expressing itself at first in pietism, then in sentimentality and cringing servility to princes and nobles, was not without economic effect. It was one of the greatest hindrances to recovery and was not shaken until the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars made the chronic misery an acute one. So it is not, as people try here and there conveniently to imagine, that the economic position produces an automatic effect. Men make their history themselves; only in given surroundings which condition it and on the basis of actual relations already existing, among which the economic relations, however much they may be influenced by the other political and ideological ones, are still ultimately the decisive ones, forming the red thread which runs through them and alone leads to understanding.

b. Men make their history themselves, but not as yet with a collective will or according to a collective plan or even in a definitely defined, given society. Their efforts clash, and for that very reason all such societies are governed by *necessity*, which is supplemented by and appears under the forms of *accident*. The necessity which here asserts itself amidst all accident is again ultimately economic necessity. This is where the so-called great men come in for treatment. That such and such a man and precisely that man arises at that particular time in that given country is of course pure accident. But cut him out and there will be a demand for a substitute, and this substitute will be found, good or bad, but in the long run he will be found. That Napoleon, just that particular Corsican, should have been the military dictator whom the French Republic, exhausted by its own war, had rendered necessary, was an accident; but that, if a Napoleon had been lacking, another would have filled the place, is proved by the fact that the man has always been found as soon as he became necessary: Caesar, Augustus, Cromwell, etc. While Marx discovered the materialist conception of history, Thierry, Mignet, Guizot, and all the English historians

up to 1850 are the proof that it was being striven for, and the discovery of the same conception by Morgan* proves that the time was ripe for it and that indeed it *had* to be discovered.

So with all the other accidents, and apparent accidents, of history. The further the particular sphere which we are investigating is removed from the economic sphere and approaches that of pure abstract ideology, the more shall we find it exhibiting accidents in its development, the more will its curve run in a zig-zag. But if you plot the average axis of the curve, you will find that the axis of this curve will approach more and more nearly parallel to the axis of the curve of economic development the longer the period considered and the wider the field dealt with.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Heinz Starkenburg, Jan. 25, 1894, in Karl Marx, Selected Works, Vol. I, pp. 391-92.

The fact is, therefore, that definite individuals who are productively active in a definite way enter into these definite social and political relations. Empirical observation must in each separate instance bring out empirically, and without any mystification and speculation, the connection of the social and political structure with production. The social structure and the state are continually evolving out of the life-process of definite individuals, but of individuals, not as they may appear in their own or other people's imagination but as they really are; i.e., as they are effective, produce materially, and are active under definite material limits, presuppositions and conditions independent of their will.

* The work of the American savant, Lewis H. Morgan, *Ancient Society, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress, from Savagery, through Barbarism, to Civilization*, appeared in 1877. Engels says in his preface to *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* (p. 6): "It is Morgan's great merit that he has discovered and reconstructed in its main lines this prehistoric basis of our written history, and that in the kinship groups of the North American Indians he has found the key to the most important and hitherto insoluble riddles of earliest Greek, Roman and German history."—Ed.

The production of ideas, of conceptions, of consciousness, is at first directly interwoven with the material activity and the material intercourse of men, the language of real life. Conceiving, thinking, the mental intercourse of men, appear at this stage as the direct efflux of their material behaviour. The same applies to mental production as expressed in the language of the politics, laws, morality, religion, metaphysics of a people. Men are the producers of their conceptions, ideas, etc.—real, active men, as they are conditioned by a definite development of their productive forces and of the intercourse corresponding to these, up to its furthest forms. Consciousness can never be anything else than conscious existence, and the existence of men is their actual life-process. If in all ideology men and their circumstances appear upside down as in a *camera obscura*, this phenomenon arises just as much from their historical life-process as the inversion of objects on the retina does from their physical life-process.

In direct contrast to German philosophy which descends from heaven to earth, here we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what men say, imagine, conceive, nor from men as narrated, thought of, imagined, conceived, in order to arrive at men in the flesh. We set out from real, active men, and on the basis of their real life-process we demonstrate the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life-process. The phantoms formed in the human brain are also, necessarily, sublimates of their material life-process, which is empirically verifiable and bound to material premises. Morality, religion, metaphysics, all the rest of ideology and their corresponding forms of consciousness, thus no longer retain the semblance of independence. They have no history, no development; but men, developing their material production and their material intercourse, alter, along with this their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking. Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life. In the first method of approach the starting-point is consciousness taken as the living individual; in the second it is the real living individuals themselves, as they are in actual life, and consciousness is considered solely as *their* consciousness.

This method of approach is not devoid of premises. It starts out from the real premises and does not abandon them for a moment. Its premises are men, not in any fantastic isolation or abstract definition, but in their actual empirically perceptible process of development under definite conditions. As soon as this active life-process is described, history ceases to be a collection of dead facts as it is with the empiricists (themselves still abstract), or an imagined activity of imagined subjects, as with the idealists.

Where speculation ends—in real life—there real, positive science begins: the representation of the practical activity, of the practical process of development of men. Empty talk about consciousness ceases, and real knowledge has to take its place. When reality is depicted, philosophy as an independent branch of activity loses its medium of existence. At the best its place can only be taken by a summing-up of the most general results, abstractions which arise from the observation of the historical development of men. Viewed apart from real history, these abstractions have in themselves no value whatsoever. They can only serve to facilitate the arrangement of historical material, to indicate the sequence of its separate strata. But they by no means afford a recipe or schema, as does philosophy, for neatly trimming the epochs of history. On the contrary, our difficulties begin only when we set about the observation and the arrangement—the real depiction—of our historical material, whether of a past epoch or of the present. The removal of these difficulties is governed by premises which it is quite impossible to state here, but which only the study of the actual life-process and the activity of the individuals of each epoch will make evident.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The German Ideology*,
pp. 13-16.

Conscious Production and Creation According to the Laws of Beauty

The practical production of an objective world, the shaping of inorganic nature is proof of man as a conscious member of the species, that is, as a being who behaves toward the species as toward his own being or toward himself as toward the species. To be sure, animals also produce. They build nests, dwellings, etc., like the bees, beavers, ants, and others. But they only produce for their own or their offspring's immediate needs; they produce one-sidedly, while man produces universally; they produce only under the domination of immediate physical needs, while man produces independently of physical needs and really produces only when free of these needs. They produce only themselves, while man reproduces all nature; their product belongs directly to their own physical body, while man freely faces his product. Animals create only according to the measure and need of the species, while man can produce according to the measure of every species and can everywhere supply the inherent measure of the object. Hence man also creates according to the laws of beauty.

Karl Marx, "Oekonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte aus dem Jahre 1844." *Marx-Engels Gesamtausgabe* (hereafter referred to as MEGA), Part I, Vol. 3, p. 88.

The Role of Labour in the Origin of Art

At first, therefore, the operations, for which our ancestors gradually learned to adapt their hands during the many thousands of years of transition from ape to man, could have been very simple. The lowest savages, even those in whom a regression to a more animal-like condition, with a simultaneous physical degeneration, can be assumed to have occurred, are nevertheless far superior to those transitional beings. Before the first flint could be fashioned into a knife by human hands, a period of time must probably have

elapsed in comparison with which the historical period known to us appears insignificant. But the decisive step was taken: *The hand became free* and could henceforth attain ever greater dexterity and skill, and the greater flexibility thus acquired was inherited and increased from generation to generation.

Thus the hand is not only the organ of labour, it is also the product of labour. Only by labour, by adaptation to ever new operations, by inheritance of the resulting special development of muscles, ligaments, and, over longer periods of time, bones as well, and by the ever-renewed employment of these inherited improvements in new, more and more complicated operations, has the human hand attained the high degree of perfection that has enabled it to conjure into being the pictures of Raphael, the statues of Thorwaldsen, the music of Paganini.

Frederick Engels, *Dialectics of Nature*, p. 281.

Development of a Sense of Beauty

As music awakens only man's musical sense, and as the finest music has no meaning for an unmusical ear, is no object, since my object can only be the confirmation of one of my essential powers, thus can only be for me in so far as my essential power has a subject capacity in itself; and since the sense of an object to me goes only as far as my sense goes (having meaning only for a corresponding sense), therefore the senses of social men are quite different from those of unsocial men. Only through the objectively unfolding richness of the human being is the richness of subjective human sensuousness, such as a musical ear, an eye for the beauty of form, in short, senses capable of human enjoyment and which prove to be essentially human powers, partly developed and partly created. For not only the five senses but also the so-called intellectual and practical senses (will, love, etc.), in a word *human* senses and the humanity of senses,

come into being as a result of the existence of man's object; as a result of humanized nature.

The formation of the five senses is the work of the entire history of the world up to now. Senses limited by crudely practical needs have only a narrow meaning. To the starving man the human form of food does not exist, only its abstract essence as food. It could be available in the crudest form and one cannot say wherein the starving man's eating would differ from that of *animals* feeding. The worried poverty-stricken man has no mind for the finest play; the dealer in metals sees only the market value, not the beauty and originality of the metal. He has no mineralogical sense. Hence the objectivization of human existence, both in a theoretical and practical way, means making man's senses *human* as well as creating human senses corresponding to the vast richness of human and natural life.

Karl Marx, "Oekonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte aus dem Jahre 1844," MEGA, Part I, Vol. 3, p. 120.

The Disproportion between the Development of Material and Artistic Production

The unequal relation between the development of material production and art, for instance. In general, the conception of progress is not to be taken in the sense of the usual abstraction. In the case of art, etc., it is not so important and difficult to understand this disproportion as in that of practical social relations, e.g., the relation between education in the United States and Europe. The really difficult point, however, that is to be discussed here is that of the unequal (?) development of relations of production as legal relations. As, e.g., the connection between Roman civil law (this is less true of criminal and public law) and modern production.

This conception of development appears to imply necessity. On the other hand, justification of accident. Varia. (Freedom and other points.) (The effect of means of com-

munication.) World history does not always appear in history as the result of world history.

The starting point [is to be found] in certain facts of nature embodied subjectively and objectively in clans, races, etc.

It is well known that certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization. Witness the example of the Greeks as compared with the modern nations or even Shakespeare. As regards certain forms of art, as, e.g., the epos, it is admitted that they can never be produced in the world-epoch-making form as soon as art as such comes into existence; in other words, that in the domain of art certain important forms of it are possible only at a low stage of its development. If that be true of the mutual relations of different forms of art within the domain of art itself, it is far less surprising that the same is true of the relation of art as a whole to the general development of society. The difficulty lies only in the general formulation of these contradictions. No sooner are they specified than they are explained. Let us take for instance the relation of Greek art and of that of Shakespeare's time to our own. It is a well-known fact that Greek mythology was not only the arsenal of Greek art, but also the very ground from which it had sprung. Is the view of nature and social relations which shaped Greek imagination and Greek [art] possible in the age of automatic machinery, and railways, and locomotives, and electric telegraphs? Where does Vulcan come in as against Roberts & Co.; Jupiter, as against the lightning rod; and Hermes, as against the Credit Mobilier? All mythology masters and dominates and shapes the forces of nature in and through the imagination; hence it disappears as soon as man gains mastery over the forces of nature. What becomes of the Goddess Fame side by side with Printing House Square? Greek art presupposes the existence of Greek mythology, i.e., that nature and even the form of society are wrought up in popular fancy in an unconsciously artistic fashion. That is its material. Not, however, any mythology taken at random,

nor any accidental, unconsciously artistic elaboration of nature (including under the latter all objects, hence [also] society). Egyptian mythology could never be the soil or womb which would give birth to Greek art. But in any event [there had to be] a mythology. In no event [could Greek art originate] in a society which excludes any mythological explanation of nature, any mythological attitude towards it and which requires from the artist an imagination free from mythology.

Looking at it from another side: Is Achilles possible side by side with powder and lead? Or is the Iliad at all compatible with the printing press and steam press? Do not singing and reciting and the muses necessarily go out of existence with the appearance of the printer's bar, and do not, therefore, disappear the prerequisites of epic poetry?

But the difficulty is not in grasping the idea that Greek art and epos are bound up with certain forms of social development. It rather lies in understanding why they still constitute with us a source of aesthetic enjoyment and in certain respects prevail as the standard and model beyond attainment.

A man cannot become a child again unless he becomes childish. But does he not enjoy the artless ways of the child and must he not strive to reproduce its truth on a higher plane? Is not the character of every epoch revived perfectly true to nature in child nature? Why should the social childhood of mankind, where it had obtained its most beautiful development, not exert an eternal charm as an age that will never return? There are ill-bred children and precocious children. Many of the ancient nations belong to the latter class. The Greeks were normal children. The charm their art has for us does not conflict with the primitive character of the social order from which it had sprung. It is rather the product of the latter, and is rather due to the fact that the unripe social conditions under which the art arose and under which alone it could appear could never return.

The Great Century of German Literature

Such was the state of Germany towards the end of the last century. It was all over one living mass of putrefaction and repulsive decay. Nobody felt himself at ease. The trade, commerce, industry, and agriculture of the country were reduced to almost nothing; peasantry, tradesmen, and manufacturers felt the double pressure of a blood-sucking government and bad trade; the nobility and princes found that their incomes, in spite of the squeezing of their inferiors, could not be made to keep pace with their increasing expenditure; everything was wrong, and a general uneasiness prevailed throughout the country. No education, no means of operating upon the minds of the masses, no free press, no public spirit, not even an extended commerce with other countries—nothing but meanness and selfishness—a mean, sneaking, miserable shop-keeping spirit pervading the whole people. Everything worn out, crumbling down, going fast to ruin, and not even the slightest hope of a beneficial change, not even so much strength in the nation as might have sufficed for carrying away the putrid corpses of dead institutions.

The only hope for the better was seen in the country's literature. This shameful political and social age was at the same time the great age of German literature. About 1750 all the master spirits of Germany were born, the poets Goethe and Schiller, the philosophers Kant and Fichte, and, hardly twenty years later, the last great German metaphysician, Hegel. Every remarkable work of this kind breathed a spirit of defiance and rebellion against the whole of German society as it then existed. Goethe wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a dramatic homage to the memory of a rebel; Schiller, *The Robbers*, celebrating a generous young man who declares open war against all society. But these were their juvenile productions; when they grew older they lost all hope: Goethe restrained himself to satire of the keenest order, and Schiller would have despaired if it had not been for the refuge which science, and particularly the great history of ancient Greece and Rome, afforded to him. These, too, may be taken as

examples of the rest. Even the best and strongest minds of the nation gave up all hope as to the future of their country.

Frederick Engels, "The State of Germany," *The Northern Star*, October 25, 1845, in *MEGA*, Part I, Vol. 4, pp. 482-83. (Originally written in English.)

On the Borrowing of Old Forms

You have shown that the adoption of Roman law was originally (and, in so far as the scientific insight of jurists is concerned, is still) based on a misunderstanding. But it does not therefore follow that law in its *modern* form—despite constant attempts of present-day jurists to reconstruct it on the basis of misconstructions of Roman law—is *misunderstood* Roman law. Otherwise one could say that every achievement of a previous period which is adopted by a later period is the *misunderstood old form*. It is clear, for example, that the three unities, as the French dramatists under Louis XIV constructed them theoretically, were based on misunderstood Greek drama (and the writings of Aristotle as the leading exponent of classic Greek drama). On the other hand, it is equally clear that they understood the three unities in accordance with their own art needs. Hence they clung to this so-called "classical" drama long after Dacier and others had correctly interpreted Aristotle for them. Likewise, all modern constitutions are largely based on the *misunderstood* English Constitution, and they adopt as essential—for instance, a so-called responsible cabinet—a feature of the English Constitution which has fallen into decay and only *formally* exists in England today as a result of misuse. The misunderstood form is precisely the general form, and, at a certain stage of social development, the only one capable of general use.

Karl Marx, Letter to Ferdinand Lassalle, July 22, 1861, in *Ferdinand Lassalle, Nachgelassene Briefe und Schriften*, edited by Gustav Mayer, Vol. 3, p. 375.

II. ART IN CAPITALIST SOCIETY

On the Division of Material and Intellectual Labour

In manufacture, as well as in simple co-operation, the collective working organism is a form of existence of capital. The mechanism that is made up of numerous individual detail labourers belongs to the capitalist. Hence, the productive power resulting from a combination of labourers appears to be the productive power of capital. Manufacture proper not only subjects the previously independent workman to the discipline and command of capital, but, in addition, creates a hierarchic gradation of the workmen themselves. While simple co-operation leaves the mode of working by the individual for the most part unchanged, manufacture thoroughly revolutionizes it, and seizes labour-power by its very roots. It converts the labourer into a crippled monstrosity, by forcing his detail dexterity at the expense of a world of productive capabilities and instincts; just as in the States of La Plata they butcher a whole beast for the sake of his hide or his tallow. Not only is the detail work distributed to the different individuals, but the individual himself is made the automatic motor of a fractional operation, and the absurd fable of Menenius Agrippa, which makes man a mere fragment of his own body, becomes realized. If, at first, the workman sells his labour power to capital, because the material means of producing a commodity fail him, now his very labour power refuses its services unless it has been sold to capital. Its functions can be exercised only in an environment that exists in the workshop of the capitalist after the sale. By nature unfitted to make anything independently, the manufacturing labourer develops productive activity as a mere appendage of

the capitalist's workshop. As the chosen people bore in their features the sign manual of Jehovah; so division of labour brands the manufacturing workman as the property of capital.

The knowledge, the judgment, and the will, which, though in, ever so small a degree, are practised by the independent peasant or handicraftsman, in the same way as the savage makes the whole art of war consist in the exercise of his personal cunning—these faculties are now required only for the workshop as a whole. Intelligence in production expands in one direction, because it vanishes in many others. What is lost by the detail labourers, is concentrated in the capital that employs them. It is a result of the division of labour in manufactures, that the labourer is brought face to face with the intellectual potencies of the material process of production, as the property of another, and as a ruling power. This separation begins in simple co-operation, where the capitalist represents to the single workman, the oneness and the will of the associated labour. It is developed in manufacture which cuts down the labourer into a detail labourer. It is completed in modern industry, which makes science a productive force distinct from labour and presses it into the service of capital.

In manufacture, in order to make the collective labourer, and through him capital, rich in social productive power, each labourer must be made poor in individual productive powers. "Ignorance is the mother of industry as well as of superstition. Reflection and fancy are subject to err; but a habit of moving the hand or the foot is independent of either. Manufactures, accordingly, prosper most where the mind is least consulted, and where the workshop may....be considered as an engine, the parts of which are men." As a matter of fact, some few manufacturers in the middle of the eighteenth century preferred, for certain operations that were trade secrets, to employ half-idiotic persons.

Division of labour only becomes truly such from the moment when a division of material and mental labour appears. From this moment onwards consciousness can really flatter itself that it is something other than consciousness of existing practice, that it is *really* conceiving something without conceiving something *real*; from now on consciousness is in a position to emancipate itself from the world and to proceed to the formation of "pure" theory, theology, philosophy, ethics, etc. But even if this theory, theology, philosophy, ethics, etc., comes into contradiction with the existing relations, this can only occur as a result of the fact that existing social relations have come into contradiction with existing forces of production; this, moreover, can also occur in a particular national sphere of relations through the appearance of the contradiction, not within the national orbit, but between this national consciousness and the practice of other nations, i.e., between the national and the general consciousness of a nation.

Moreover, it is quite immaterial what consciousness starts to do on its own: out of all such muck we get only the one inference that these three moments, the forces of production, the state of society, and consciousness, can and must come into contradiction with one another, because the division of labour implies the possibility, nay the fact that intellectual and material activity—enjoyment and labour, production and consumption—devolve on different individuals, and that the only possibility of their not coming into contradiction lies in the negation in its turn of the division of labour. It is self-evident, moreover, that "spectres," "bonds," "the high being," "concept," "scruple," are merely the idealistic, spiritual expression, the conception apparently of the isolated individual, the image of very empirical fetters and limitations, within which the mode of production of life, and the form of intercourse coupled with it, move.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels,
The German Ideology, pp. 20-21.

Capitalist Production is Hostile to Art and Poetry

Storch's *Cours d'économie politique*, etc. (Edition, I. B. Say, Paris, 1823) is a series of lectures given to Grand Duke Nicholas, the last one in 1815.

Since Garnier, Storch is in fact the first polemicist who proceeds from a new basis against Adam Smith's distinction between productive and unproductive work.

Of immediate goods, component parts of material production, he distinguishes between "inner goods [*biens internes*] and the elements of civilization"—and his "theory of civilization" deals with the laws of production of the second-named. (Vol. 3, p. 217.)

"It is clear that man never succeeds in producing wealth so long as he does not possess inner goods; that is, so long as he has not developed his physical, intellectual, and moral forces, which presupposes means for their development, such as social institutions, etc. Thus the more civilized a people is, the more its national wealth can increase."

And conversely, the same is true. (Vol 1, p. 136).

Against Smith he writes:

"Smith....excludes from productive labours all those things that do not directly contribute to the production of wealth; but he only has national wealth in mind....."

His mistake is "that he has not separated immaterial values from wealth." (Vol. 3, p. 218.)

That really puts an end to the discussion. The distinction between productive and unproductive labours is of decisive importance in what Smith is considering: the production of material wealth, in fact, a specific form of this production, the capitalist method of production. In intellectual production another kind of labour appears productive. But Smith does not consider it. In any event, the interplay and inner connection of both productions do not fall within

his province of study; moreover, this can only lead to something more than mere verbalisms if material production is considered *sub sua propria specie* (according to its own nature). In so far as Smith speaks of not directly productive labours, they occur only to the extent that they participate directly in the consumption, but not in the production, of material wealth.

With Storch himself, the *theory of civilization*, despite some clever comments, as for example that the material division of labour is a precondition for the division of intellectual labour, remains lost in trivialities. One fact alone shows why this had to be the case, why he did not even formulate the problem, let alone solve it. To study the connection between intellectual and material production, it is necessary above all to deal with the latter not as a general category but in a definite historical form. Thus, for example, the kind of intellectual production corresponding to capitalist methods of production is different from that corresponding to medieval methods of production. If material production itself is not grasped in its specific historical form, it is impossible to understand the concrete nature of the intellectual production corresponding to it and the interplay of both factors. If this is not done, the result is an absurdity.

So much for the phrase about "civilization."

Furthermore, from the definite form of material production there results, first, a definite structure of society; and, secondly, a definite relationship of men to nature. Their state forms and intellectual outlook are determined by both. So is the nature of their intellectual production.

Finally, Storch includes under intellectual production all kinds of professional activities of the ruling class who engage in special functions as a business. The existence of these groups as well as their function can be understood only from the concretely historical structure of their production relations.

Since Storch does not view material production itself historically—he really sees it as production of material goods, not as a definite, historically developed, and specific form of this production—he cuts the ground from beneath his own

feet; yet that approach alone could explain in part the ideological components of the ruling classes, and in part the free* intellectual production of this given structure of society. He cannot get beyond general and inept modes of expression. Nor is the relationship as simple as he thought at the outset. For example, capitalist production is hostile to certain aspects of intellectual production, such as art and poetry. Moreover, we encounter such things as the conceit of the eighteenth century French who poked so much fun at Lessing. They said: Since in mechanics and other fields we are like the classic Greeks, why shouldn't we also be able to write an epic? So we get the *Henriad†* for the *Iliad!*

Here Storch correctly points out — and with a special argument against Garnier, who was really the originator of this polemic against Smith—that Smith's opponents tackle the problem from the wrong end.

"What do Smith's critics do? Far from bringing out this distinction [between immaterial values and wealth], they make confusion more confounded in these two types of values which are obviously different.‡ By considering immaterial labour productive, they assume that it produces wealth,§ that is, material exchange values, and yet it produces only immaterial values directly. They proceed on the assumption that the products of immaterial labour are subject to the same laws as those of material labour; and yet they regulate the former on the basis of different principles from those governing the others." (Vol. 3 p. 218).

The following sentences by Storch are worth noting as having been plagiarized by others:

"Since inner goods are partly products of services, it was decided that they could not last any longer than the services themselves, and that of necessity they would be consumed

* May also be read as *fein* (subtle) in the original text.—Ed.

† Epic poem written by Voltaire.—Ed.

‡ They assert that the production of intellectual products or the production of services is material production.—Karl Marx.

§ That is directly. — Karl Marx.

together with their production." (Vol. 3, p. 234.) "Primitive goods,† far from being destroyed by use, are extended and increased through use, so that even their consumption increases their value." (Vol. 3, p. 236.) "Inner goods are capable of being accumulated, just like wealth, and of forming capital which can be used to reproduce worn-out inner goods." (Vol. 3, p. 236.) "Industrial labour must be divided and its products accumulated, before one can think of dividing immaterial labour." (Vol. 3, p. 241.)

Those are all nothing but superficial general analogies and relations between intellectual and material wealth. Similarly the assertion that (intellectually) undeveloped nations pour out their intellectual capital abroad, just as materially undeveloped nations pour out their material capital. (Vol. 3, p. 306), that the division of immaterial labour depends on the demand for it, that is, on the market, etc.

The following, however, are the really plagiarized statements:

"The production of inner goods, far from decreasing national wealth by consuming material products it needs, is rather a powerful method of increasing it; just as conversely the production of wealth is likewise a powerful method of increasing civilization." (Vol. 3, p. 517.) "It is the equilibrium in both types of production which fosters the prosperity of the nation." (Vol. 3, p. 521.)

According to Storch, the doctor produces health (but also sickness); professors and writers produce enlightenment (but also obscurantism); poets, painters, etc., taste (but also lack of taste); moralists, etc., morals; preachers, the practice of religion; the labour of sovereigns, security (pp. 347-50). But one can just as well say that sickness produces doctors; stu-

† Storch distinguishes between primitive and secondary inner goods. Among the former he includes health, ability, knowledge, taste; among the latter security made possible by government and leisure time made possible by servants.—Ed.

dities produce professors and writers; lack of taste, poets and painters; immorality, moralists; superstitions, preachers; and general insecurity, sovereigns. This way of saying that all this activity, all these services, produce a real or imagined use value; is later repeated by others in order to prove that they are productive workers in the Smith sense, that is, they do not directly produce products *sui generis* but the products of material labour, hence direct wealth. Storch does not yet preach this nonsense, which moreover ends up in two different ways:

1. That the various functions in bourgeois society mutually presuppose each other;
2. That the contradictions in material production make necessary a superstructure of ideological strata which, whether good or bad, is effective since it is necessary;
3. That all functions in the service of the capitalist end up in his "goods";
4. That even the highest intellectual productions are only recognized and accepted by the bourgeois because they are presented as direct producers of material wealth and wrongly shown to be such.

Karl Marx, *Theorien ueber den Mehrwert*, Vol. I, pp. 380-85.

The All-Revolutionizing Power of Money

If man's emotions, passions, etc., are not merely anthropological definitions in a narrow sense, but also true ontological affirmations of man's nature—and if they are only affirmative in that their object is perceptible to them, it follows then that (1) the manner of their affirmation is never one and the same; on the contrary, the distinct manner of affirmation constitutes the uniqueness of their existence, of their life; the manner, like the object for them, is the unique manner of their enjoyment; (2) where sensory affirmation is the immediate abolition of the object in its independent form (eating, drinking, working over an object, etc.), that is affirmation

of the object; (3) insofar as man is *human*, hence his emotions, etc., also *human*, affirmation of the object by another is likewise his own enjoyment; (4) not until industry is developed—that is, by the intercession of private property, does the ontological nature of human passion achieve its totality as well as its humanity; thus, man's science is itself a product of man's practical self-activity; (5) the sense of private property—freed of its alienation—is the *existence of essential objects* for man, both as object for enjoyment and object of activity.

Money, since it possesses the quality of buying everything, since it possesses the quality of appropriating all objects, is therefore the object in eminent possession. The universality of its *quality* is the omnipotence of its essence; hence it serves as an all-powerful essence. . . . Money is the *intermediary* between need and object, between man's life and his food. But what *my* life procures for me, the *existenc* of other people also procures for me. That is to me the *other* man.

*Why, Zounds! Both hands and feet are, truly—
And head and virile forces—thine :
Yet all that I indulge in newly,
Is't thence less wholly mine?
If I've six stallions in my stall,
Are not their forces also lent me?
I speed along, completest man of all,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.*

(Goethe, *Faust*, Part One, Act 1, Scene 4.)

Shakespeare in his *Timon of Athens* wrote :

*Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!. No gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white; foul fair;
Wrong right; base noble; old young; coward valiant.*

. . . *Why, this
Will lug priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their head;
This yellow slave*

Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations.. (Act 4, Scene 3.)

And further on:

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue
 To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
 Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire! (Act 4, Scene 3.)

How excellently Shakespeare describes the essence of money! To understand it, we must begin by analyzing the passage from Goethe.

What is available to me through *money*, what I can *buy*, that is, what *money* can *buy*, that *am I*, the possessor of the *money*. My power is as great as is the power of *money*. The qualities of *money* are my—the possessor's—qualities and potentialities. What I *am* and *can do*, therefore, is by no means determined by my individuality. I *am ugly*, but I can *buy* the most beautiful woman. So I *am not ugly*, for the effect of *ugliness*, its repulsive power, is eliminated by *money*. I—according to my individual nature—*am lame*: but *money* supplies me with twenty-four feet; so I *am not lame*.

I am an evil, dishonest, unscrupulous, dull-witted man; but money is held in honour—hence so is its possessor. Money is the highest good, hence its possessor is good: money saves me the trouble of being dishonest, so I am assumed to be honest. I am *dull-witted*, but since money is the *real spirit* of all things, how can its possessor be lacking in spirit? Moreover, he can buy the cleverest people; and if a man has power over the clever-minded, is he not cleverer than they? I who, through *money*, can do anything the human heart desires—do I not possess all human virtues? Does not my money therefore transform all my inabilities into their opposite?

If *money* is the tie that binds me with *human* life, that binds me with society, nature, and man, is not money the *tie of all ties!* Can it not tie and untie all ties? Is it not therefore also the universal means of divorce! It is the true *currency of separation* as well as the true *means of joining together*, the galvano-chemical force in society.

Shakespeare stresses, above all, two properties in money:

1. It is the visible god, capable of transmuting all human and natural qualities into their opposite, the universal transformer and converter of things; it “solders close impossibilities”;

2. It is the universal whore, the universal procurer of human beings and peoples.

The transforming and converting of all human and natural qualities, the coupling of impossibilities—the *godlike* power of money lies in its *nature* as the alienated, divested, and externalized nature of the human species. It is the *divested wealth of humanity*.

What I as a *human being* cannot do, in other words, what all my individual faculties cannot do, I can do by means of *money*. Hence money makes every one of these faculties into something which it is not in itself, i.e., turns it into its *opposite*.

If I long for a meal or want to use the stagecoach because I am not strong enough to go by foot, money obtains the meal and the coach for me; i.e., it transforms my desires

from the realm of the imagination, it translates them from a contemplated, imagined, and willed existence into their *real sensory* existence, from imagination into life, from the imagined to the real state of being. In this process of adjustment, money is the *truly creative power*.

Demand also exists for those who have no money, but their demand is merely a creature of the imagination which has no effect on me, on a third person, on (. . .); it has no existence, hence it remains *unreal, without object*, to myself. The difference between effective demand based on money and ineffective demand based on my needs, passions, desires, etc., is the difference between *being* and *thinking*, between thoughts *existing only within me* and thoughts as *real objects existing for me outside myself*.

If I have no money with which to travel, I have no *need*, that is, no real materialized need to travel. If my *vocation* is to study, but I have no money for it, then I have no vocation to study, that is, no *true and genuine vocation*. On the other hand, if I really have no vocation to study, but have the will and the money for it, I have an *effective vocation* for it. Money as a universal external means and faculty, arising not from man as man nor from human society as society, is capable of changing *imagination* into *reality* and *reality* into a *pure figment of the imagination*; in the same way, it transforms *real human and natural faculties* into purely abstract ideas, hence into *imperfections*, torturing fantasies, just as on the other hand it changes *real imperfections and fantasies*, really impotent faculties existing only in the individual's imagination, into *real faculties and capabilities*. According to this definition, therefore, money is the general transformer of *individualities*, turning them into their opposite and supplanting their traits with contradictory traits.

As this *transforming power*, it manifests itself also against the individual and against social and other ties which lay claim to being *essences*. It turns loyalty into disloyalty, love into hate, hate into love, virtue into vice, vice into virtue, serfs into lords, lords into serfs, nonsense into intelligence, intelligence into nonsense.

Since money as the active and existing concept of value

transforms and exchanges all things, it is therefore the universal *transformer* and *exchanger* of all things, hence the transformed world, the transformer and exchanger of all human and natural qualities.

Whoever can purchase courage is courageous, even though he is a coward. As money is not exchanged for a definite quality, for a definite thing, or for human faculties, but for the entire human and natural world of objects, from the point of view of its possessor, therefore, it substitutes one trait for another, including contradictory traits and objects; it represents the coupling of impossibilities, it forces contradictory elements to embrace.

If you assume *man* as *man* and his relations to the world as human relations, you can only exchange love for love, trust for trust, etc. If you want to enjoy art you must be an artistically cultured person; if you want to exert influence on other people you must really be a person who effectively stimulates and encourages other people. Every one of your relations to man—and to nature—must be a *definite manifestation* of your *real individual life*, corresponding to the object of your will. If you love without evoking reciprocal love, i.e., if your love as love does not produce reciprocal love, if by your *outward manifestation* as a loving person you do not make yourself a *loved person*, your love is impotent, a misfortune.

Karl Marx, "Oekonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte aus dem Jahre 1844," MEGA, Part I, Vol. 3, pp. 145-49.

The Rise of Bourgeois Rule and the Origin of World Literature

The bourgeoisie has played a most revolutionary role in history.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man

to his "natural superiors," and has left no other bond between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egoistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and, in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honoured and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage-labourers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation.

The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigour in the Middle Ages, which reactionaries so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former migrations of nations and crusades.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered form, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled

to face with sober senses his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of reactionaries, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilized nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the production of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world literature.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*
pp. 11-13.

III. REALISM IN ART

The Truthful Presentation of Persons and Events

Nothing is more desirable than that the people who stood at the head of the revolutionary party, either before the Revolution, in secret societies or in the press, or later in official positions, be finally depicted in strong Rembrandtian colours, in all their living qualities. Hitherto these people have never been pictured in their real form; they have been presented as official personalities, wearing buskins and with aureoles around their heads. In these apotheoses of Raphaelite beauty all pictorial truth is lost.

The two books under review do get rid of the buskin and aureole with which the "great men" of the February Revolution have hitherto appeared. They go into the private lives of these people, showing them in carpet slippers, together with their whole entourage of satellites of various kinds. But that does not mean that they are any nearer a true and honest presentation of persons and events.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, Book Review of A. Chenu: *Les Conspirateurs*, Paris, 1850; and Lucien de la Hodde: *La Naissance de la République en Février 1848*, Paris, 1850, in *Literarischer Nachlass von K. Marx, F. Engels, F. Lassalle*, Edited by Franz Mehring, Vol. III, p. 426 f.

Realism and the Novel

Thank you very much for sending me your *City Girl* through Mr. Vizetelly.

I have read it with the greatest pleasure and avidity. It is indeed, as my friend Eichkof, your translator, calls it, *ein*

kleines Kunstwerk [a little work of art]; to which he adds what will be satisfactory to you, that consequently his translation must be almost literal, as any omission or attempted manipulation could only destroy part of the original's value.

What strikes me most in your tale, besides its realistic truth, is that it exhibits the courage of the true artist. Not only in the way you treat the Salvation Army, in your sharp repudiation of the conception of the self-satisfied philistines, who will learn from your story, perhaps for the first time, why the Salvation Army finds such support among the masses of the people, but above all in the unembroidered form in which you have clothed the fundamental basis of the whole book—the old, old story of the proletarian girl seduced by a man from the middle class. A mediocre writer would have attempted to disguise the trite character of the plot under a heap of artificial details and embellishment, and his design would have been seen through, nonetheless. But you felt that you could tell an old story because you were in a position to make it new by the truthfulness of your presentation.

Your Mr. Grant is a masterpiece.

If I have any criticism to make, it is only that your story is not quite realistic enough. Realism, to my mind, implies, besides truth of detail, the truthful reproduction of typical characters under typical circumstances. Now your characters are typical enough, to the extent that you portray them. But the same cannot be said of the circumstances surrounding them and out of which their action arises. In *City Girl* the working class appears as a passive mass, incapable of helping itself or even trying to help itself. All attempts to raise it out of its wretched poverty come from the outside, from above. This may have been a valid description around 1800 or 1810 in the days of Saint Simon and Robert Owen, but it cannot be regarded as such in 1887 by a man who for almost fifty years has had the honour to participate in most of the struggles of the fighting proletariat and has been guided all the time by the principle that the emancipation of the working class ought to be the cause of the working class itself. The revolutionary response of the members of the working class to the oppression that surrounds them, their convulsive at-

Attempts—semiconscious or conscious—to attain their rights as human beings, belong to history and may therefore lay claim to a place in the domain of realism.

I am far from finding fault with your not having written a purely socialist novel, a *Tendenzroman*, as we Germans call it, to glorify the social and political views of the author. That is not at all what I mean. The more the author's views are concealed the better for the work of art. The realism I allude to may creep out even in spite of the author's views. Let me refer to an example.

Balzac, whom I consider a far greater master of realism than all the Zolas, past, present, or future, gives us in his *Comedie Humaine* a most wonderfully realistic history of French "society," describing, chronicle fashion, almost year by year from 1816 to 1848, the ever-increasing pressure of the rising bourgeoisie upon the society of nobles that established itself after 1815 and that set up again, as far as it could (*tant bien que mal*) the standard of the *vieille politesse francaise* [old French manners]. He describes how the last remnants of this, to him, model society gradually succumbed before the intrusion of the vulgar moneyed upstart or was corrupted by him. How the *grande dame*, whose conjugal infidelities were but a mode of asserting herself, in perfect accord with the way she had been disposed of in marriage, gave way to the bourgeoisie, who acquired her husband for cash or cashmere. And around this central picture he groups a complete history of French society from which, even in economic details (for instance, the redistribution of real and private property after the French Revolution) I have learned more than from all the professional historians, economists and statisticians of the period together.

Well, Balzac was politically a legitimist; his great work is a constant elegy on the irreparable decay of good society: his sympathies are with the class that is doomed to extinction. But for all that, his satire is never keener, his irony never more bitter, than when he sets in motion the very men and women with whom he sympathizes most deeply—the nobles. And the only men of whom he speaks with undisguised admiration are his bitterest political antagonists, the republican

heroes of the Cloître Saint Mery, the men who at that time (1830-36) were indeed representatives of the popular masses.

That Balzac was thus compelled to go against his own class sympathies and political prejudices, that he saw the necessity of the downfall of his favourite nobles and described them as people deserving no better fate; that he saw the real men of the future where, for the time being, they alone were to be found—that I consider one of the greatest triumphs of realism, and one of the greatest features in old Balzac.

I must own, in your defence, that nowhere in the civilized world are the working people less actively resistant, more passively submitting to fate, more depressed than in the East End of London. And how do I know whether you have not had your reasons for contenting yourself, for once, with a picture of the passive side of working class life, leaving the active side for another work?

Frederick Engels, Letter to Margaret Harkness, April, 1888.
Original in Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, Moscow.

Tendentiousness and Individual Character in Realistic Art

I have read *Old and New**¹, for which I am heartily grateful to you. The life of the workers of the salt mines is described in just as masterly a way as the life of the peasants in *Stefan*.† The scenes of Viennese "society" are also mostly very good. Vienna indeed is the only German city where there is any society. In Berlin there are only "certain circles," and still more uncertain ones, and it therefore offers a field only for a novel on the life of the literary circle, bureaucrats, or actors.

Whether the motivation of the action in this part of your work does not develop a little hastily is easier for you to

* Minna Kautsky's novel *Old and New* was published in 1884—Ed.

† Minna Kautsky's novel *Stefan von Grillenhof* was published in 1879.—Ed.

judge than for me. Much of what produces such an impression on one of us may be perfectly natural in Vienna, with its own sort of international character, full of southern and eastern European elements. The characters in both milieus are drawn with your usual precision of individualization. Each person is a type, but at the same time a completely defined personality—"this one" as old Hegel would say. That is as it should be.

Only for the sake of impartiality I should find something negative, and here I recall Arnold. In truth he is too faultless, and if at last he perishes by falling from a mountain, this can be reconciled with poetic justice only in that he was too good for this world. It is always bad for an author to be infatuated with his hero, and it seems to me that in this case you have given way somewhat to this weakness. Elsa still has traces of personality, although she is also somewhat idealized, but in Arnold personality is entirely dissolved in principle.

The root of this defect is indicated, by the way, in the novel itself. Evidently you felt the need of publicly declaring your convictions, bearing witness to them before the whole world. You have already done this, this is already behind you, and there is no reason to repeat this in such a form.

I am not at all an opponent of tendentious [Tendenz] poetry as such. The father of tragedy, Aeschylus, and the father of comedy, Aristophanes, were both decidedly tendentious poets, just as were Dante and Cervantes; and the main merit of Schiller's *Craft and Loves* is that it is the first German political propaganda drama. The modern Russians and Norwegians, who are writing splendid novels, are all tendentious.

But I think that the bias should flow by itself from the situation and action, without particular indications, and that the writer is not obliged to obtrude on the reader the future historical solutions of the social conflicts pictured. And especially in our conditions the novel appeals mostly to readers of bourgeois circles, that is, not directly related to us, and therefore a socialist-biased novel fully achieves its purpose, in my view, if by conscientiously describing the real mutual

relations, breaking down conventional illusions about them, it shatters the optimism of the bourgeois world, instills doubt as to the eternal character of the existing order, although the author does not offer any definite solution or does not even line up openly on any particular side.

Your perfect knowledge both of the Austrian peasantry and of Viennese "society" and marvellous freshness in depicting them will find here inexhaustible material. And in *Stefan* you showed that you are able to view your heroes with that fine irony which demonstrates the power of the writer over his creation.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Minna Kautsky, Nov. 26, 1885, in Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Briefe an A. Bebel, W. Liebknecht, K. Kautsky und Andere*. pp. 413-16.

"Shakespearizing" or "Schillerizing"?

I come now to *Franz von Sickingen*. I must first compliment you upon the composition and action, which is more than can be said of any modern German play. In the second instance, aside from a critical attitude to the play, it affected me strongly on the first reading and so, on readers more emotional it must have an even stronger effect. And this is the second, very important side. And now the other side of the medal: first of all—a purely formal matter—since you chose to write verse, you could have rounded your measures more artistically. In the main, however, irrespective of how shocking this carelessness will be to the professional poets, I consider this really better, as our poetical epigones have nothing left but smooth forms. Secondly the conflict chosen is not only tragic, but is the tragic conflict which basically wrecked the revolutionary party in 1848-49. I can therefore only express my full approval of making this the central theme of a modern tragedy. I ask myself, however: Is the subject chosen by you adequate to present this collision?

Balthasar can of course imagine that if Sickingen had not made a secret of his rebellion under the mask of a knightly internecine strife, and had raised the flag of battle against the emperor and open war against the dukes, he would have been victorious. But can we share this illusion? Sickingen (and with him Hutten, more or less) perished not because of this craftiness. He perished because as a *knight and a representative of a perishing class* he rose up against the existing order or rather its new form. If you take away from Sickingen all that is purely personal, his special training, natural gifts, etc., we have left—Goetz von Berlichingen. In this pitiful figure the tragic opposition of the knighthood against the emperor and the dukes is given in its adequate form and Goethe rightly chose him for the hero. In so far as Sickingen—and even to some extent Hutten, although with respect to him, as with respect to all class ideologists the formulation should be changed considerably—is struggling against the dukes (his demarche against the emperor can be explained only by the fact that from emperor of knights he has become emperor of dukes), he is simply a Don Quixote, although historically justified. The fact that he begins the uprising under the mask of a war of the knights only means that he begins it as a knight. To begin otherwise, he had to appeal directly and at the very outset to the cities and peasants, that is to those very classes the development of which is equivalent to a negation of knighthood.

If then you did not want to reduce the collision to the one portrayed in Goetz von Berlichingen—and this was not your intention—Sickingen and Hutten had to perish because in their own imaginations they were revolutionists (which cannot be said of Goetz) and, like the educated Polish nobility of 1830, became on the one hand the instruments of modern ideas, and on the other, actually represented reactionary class interests. But in that case the *nobles* representing the revolution—behind whose slogans of unity and liberty lurks the dream of the old imperial power and fistic right—should not have absorbed all interest, as they do in your play; the representatives of the peasantry (they especially) and revolutionary elements in the cities should have formed an appreciable and

active background. Then you could have expressed, and in much greater measure, the most modern ideas in their purest form, while actually, as it is, the main idea with you, aside from religious freedom, remains civil *unity*. You would have to Shakespearize more, while at present I consider Schillerism, making individuals the mere mouthpieces of the spirit of the times, your main fault. Did you not to a certain extent, like your Franz von Sickingen, yourself fall into the diplomatic error of putting the Lutheran-knightly opposition higher than the plebeian Muntzer one?

Further, I do not find any characteristic traits in your characters. I leave out Charles V, Balthasar, and Richard of Trier. And yet is there another period with sharper characters than the sixteenth century? Hutten, to my mind, is too much only the representative of "inspiration." This is boring. Was he not at the same time pretty clever, a devilish wit, and did you not therefore treat him most unjustly?

To what extent even your Sickingen, also by the way drawn too abstractly, is a victim of a collision, independent of all his personal calculations, can be seen from the way he must preach friendship with the city, etc., to his knights and on the other hand from the satisfaction with which he takes it out upon the cities himself by right of the fist.

In many places I must reproach you with too much reflection about themselves by the characters, which is also due to your bias for Schiller. Thus, on page 121, where Hutten is telling Maria his life history it would have been highly natural to put into Maria's mouth the words:

"All the gamut of sensation" and so on to "and weightier than load of years it is."

The preceding verses from "They stay" to "grown old" could be made to follow, but the reflection, "A night is all a maiden needs, to mature and become a woman" (although it shows that Maria knows more than the mere abstraction of love) is entirely unnecessary; but least of all is it permissible for Maria to begin with the reflection about her own "aging." Only after she has said all that she could in "one" hour could she give general expression to her mood in the sentence on her growing old. I am shocked, further, by the following

lines and the words "this I considered right" (i.e., happiness). Why rob Maria of her naive views on the world characteristic of her according to earlier speeches and turn her into a doctrine of rights? Some other time I may tell you my opinion more in detail.

I think the scene between Sickingen and Charles V particularly successful although the dialogue on both sides sounds more like lawyers' speeches; the scenes in Trier are also very good. Hutten's verses on the sword are excellent.

But enough for now.

In the person of my wife you have won a warm adherent of your drama. Only she is not satisfied with Maria.

Karl Marx, Letter to Ferdinand Lassalle, April 19, 1859, in *Ferdinand Lassalle, Nachgelassene Briefe und Schriften*, edited by Gustav Mayer, Vol. 3, pp. 172-75.

That scoundrel Roderick Benedix has left behind a bad stench in the form of a thick book against "Shakespeare-mania," in which he proves in minute detail that Shakespeare cannot be compared with our great poets or even with our modern poets. Shakespeare is to be ripped from his pedestal so that the fat seat of R. Benedix can be placed there. But in the first act of the *Merry Wives* there is more life and reality than in the whole of German literature; and one Launce, with his dog Crab, is worth more than all the German comedies put together. On the other hand, this clumsy ox of a Benedix spins arguments as serious as they are futile on the abrupt manner in which Shakespeare often breaks off his denouements, and thus shortens boring stuff—although in reality it is entirely unavoidable. *Habeat sibi.*

Frederick Engels, Letter to Karl Marx, Dec. 10, 1873,
MEGA, Part III, Vol. 4, p. 413.

On the Realistic Portrayal of Great Historical Events

You must have found it somewhat strange that I have not written you for so long, especially as I owe you my opinion of your *Sickingen*. But that was just what delayed me so long. With the present poverty of *belles lettres* I seldom read such works and it has been long since I read one in such a way as to leave a detailed judgment, a definite opinion. The usual balderdash is not worth it. Even the few fairly good English novels which I still read from time to time, like Thackeray's for instance, although they have an undoubted literary and culturally historical significance, have not been able to interest me to this extent even once. But owing to such a long lack of exercise my critical faculties have grown dull and I must take considerable time before I can give a definite opinion. Your *Sickingen*, however, deserves a different attitude from those literary products, and so I did not grudge it the time. The first and second reading of your national German drama, in every sense, both as to theme and treatment, stirred me so strongly that I was compelled to put it aside for a while; the more so since my taste, made crude by these days of literary poverty, has brought me to a state (I confess it, to my shame) that even things of slight value make an impression on me on *first* reading. So, in order to achieve a perfectly unbiased, perfectly "critical" attitude, I put *Sickingen* aside, i.e., lent it to some acquaintances (there are still a few more or less literary-bred Germans here). *Habent sua fata libelli* [books have their fate]—when you lend, it seldom returns, and so I had to obtain the return of my *Sickingen* by force. I can tell you that after a third and fourth reading my impression has remained the same, and being certain that your *Sickingen* can stand criticism, I am now giving you my critical opinion.

I know that it will be no great compliment to say that not one of the official poets of Germany today could write anything even distantly approaching this drama. But it is a fact, and one too characteristic of our literature to pass by in silence. To stop first on the formal side I must note that I

was pleasantly surprised by the skilful plot and thoroughly dramatic character of the play. In the versification, it is true, you allowed yourself some liberties which are more troublesome in reading than on the stage. I should have liked to read the stage version; in its present form it probably could not be staged. I was visited by a young German poet (Karl Siebel), a countryman and distant relative who has had quite a bit to do with the theatre, as a reservist of the Prussian guard he will perhaps be in Berlin soon, so I may take the liberty of giving him a note to you. He has a very high opinion of your drama, but thinks it entirely impossible to stage on account of the very long monologues during which only one acts while the others would have to exhaust their supply of mimicry two and three times over, in order not to stand there like supers. The two last acts prove that you could, without difficulty, make the dialogue vivacious and quick, and as this could be done in the first three acts also, with the exception of several scenes (which happens in every play), I have no doubt that in preparing your play for the stage you will take this into consideration. The *intellectual content* must, of course, suffer by this, as is inevitable, and the perfect blending of great intellectual depth, and conscious historical content, with which you justly credit German drama, with Shakespearian vivacity and wealth of action will probably be achieved only in the future and perhaps not by Germans. It is truly in this blending that I see the future of the drama. Your *Sickingen* is entirely on the right road, the principal characters in fact are representatives of definite classes and tendencies and hence definite ideas of their time, and the motives of their actions are to be found not in trivial individual desires but in the historical stream upon which they are being carried. However, the progress still to be made is in making these motives more lively, active, so to say, spontaneously occupying the foreground more through the course of the action itself and, on the other hand, the argumentative debate (in which, by the way, I recognize your old oratorical talents, brilliant before a court of justice and popular assembly) becomes more and more unnecessary. You yourself seem to recognize this as the ideal aim in establishing a differ-

ence between a stage play and a literary play; I think Sickingen could, even though with difficulty (because to achieve perfection is not so simple), be made over into a stage play in this sense. The characterization of the persons is involved in this. You quite justly object to the poor individualization which prevails at present and which is reduced to trivial cleverness and is an essential indication of the decay of epigonean literature. It seems to me, however, that the person is characterized not only by what he does but also by how he does it, and from this point of view, I believe the intellectual content of your drama would not have been harmed if the individual characters had been more sharply differentiated and contrasted. The characteristics of the ancients are inadequate in our age, and in this, it seems to me, you could without harm have paid more attention to the significance of Shakespeare in the history of the development of the drama. But these are secondary matters, and I only mention them that you may see I have also given some thought to the formal aspects of your play.

With regard to the historical content—you have very vividly and with permissible indication of subsequent developments, presented the two sides of that movement which are most important to us: the national movement of the nobility, represented by Sickingen, and the humanistic-theoretical movement with its later development in the theological and church sphere—the Reformation. Here I like best the scenes between Sickingen and the emperor, between the papal legate and the Archbishop of Trier (here you have succeeded, in the antithesis between the worldly legate, educated in the classics and aesthetics, politically and theoretically far-seeing, and the limited German priest-duke, in giving an excellent individual characterization which yet follows distinctly from the representative character of both persons); the characterization of Sickingen and Karl is also very neatly rendered in the scene between them. In introducing Hutten's autobiography, the content of which you justly consider essential, you chose a very risky means of introducing this content into the drama. The dialogue between Franz and Balthasar in the fifth act, in which the latter tells his master of the genuine-

ly revolutionary policy he should follow, is also of great importance. Then comes the really tragic moment; and just because of this importance, it seems to me there should have been stronger indications of this in the third act where there are many opportunities for it. But I am falling back again into secondary matters.

The situation of the cities and princes of that period is also presented very clearly in many places and in this the so to speak official elements of that movement are exhausted. It seems to me, however, you have not stressed sufficiently the unofficial plebeian and peasant elements and their accompanying theoretical expression. The peasant movement was in its way just as national, just as much directed against the princes, as the movement of the nobility, and the colossal dimensions of the struggle in which it succumbed is sharply brought out by the ease with which the nobility, leaving Sickingen to his fate, takes up again its historical role of court servility. It seems to me, therefore, that even with your conception of the drama which, you will have seen, is to my mind too abstract, insufficiently realistic, the peasant movement deserved more attention. The peasant scene with Jost Fritz, it is true, is characteristic, and the individuality of this "rebel" is rendered very correctly, but it does not adequately represent the crest of the wave of the agitation, then already high, as against the nobles' movement.

According to my views on the drama, the realistic should not be overlooked because of the intellectual elements, Shakespeare should not be forgotten for Schiller; the introduction of the remarkably many-sided plebeian society of the time would lend entirely new material to enliven the play, would give an invaluable background for the action on the proscenium of the national movement of the nobility, would first throw the proper light on this very movement. What a variety of quaintly characteristic character sketches are to be found at this period of dissolution of feudal ties in the penniless ruling kings, poverty-stricken freelancers and adventurers of all sorts—a Falstaffian background that, in an historical play of this type, would be much more effective than in Shakespeare.

But besides, it seems to me that this neglect of the peasant movement is the reason you have drawn the national movement of the nobility incorrectly in one respect and so failed to see the *genuinely* tragic element in Sickingen's fate. To my mind the mass of the then imperial nobility did not think of forming an alliance with the peasantry; their dependence upon the income from the oppressed peasantry did not permit this. An alliance with the cities was more feasible; but this was not effected or was effected only very partially. But success of the national revolution of the nobles was possible only if an alliance with the cities and peasantry, especially the latter, was effected. And this, to my mind, was the most tragic circumstance, that this basic condition, an alliance with the peasantry, was impossible; that the policy of the nobility, therefore, had to be necessarily trivial; that at the very moment when it would take the lead in the national movement the *mass* of the nation, the peasantry, raised a protest against this leadership, and so it had to fall inevitably.

I have no means of judging as to how far you are historically correct in the assumption that Sickingen was connected in some way with the peasantry, and this really is not the question. By the way, as far as I remember, Hutten's writings, where he appeals to the peasantry, carefully avoid this ticklish question of the nobility and attempt to direct all the anger of the peasants especially against the priests. However, I do not in the least take issue with your right to consider Sickingen and Hutten as statesmen who had in mind the liberation of the peasantry. But then you would immediately have the tragic contradiction that they both stood between the nobility which was decisively opposed to this on the one side and the peasantry on the other. To my mind this constituted the tragic collision between the historically necessary postulate and the practical impossibility of its realization. Neglecting this point, you reduce the tragic conflict to lesser dimensions, in which Sickingen, instead of waging open war with the emperor and the empire, wages war against only one duke (although with correct intuition you here bring in the peasants), and he perishes according to you simply on account of the indifference and cowardliness of the nobles.

But this would be motivated altogether differently if you had earlier stressed the growing wrath of the peasantry and, consequent upon the previous peasant "Bundschuh" and "poor Conrad" rebellions, the undoubted change of the nobility to a more conservative frame of mind. This is only one of many ways in which it was possible to introduce the peasant and plebeian movements into the drama, there are at least ten other ways just as suitable or perhaps more so.

As you see, I approach your work with the highest criteria—in fact, the *highest* both aesthetic and historical; and the fact that only thus can I find any objections to raise is the best proof of my high regard for it. Mutual criticism has long, in the interests of the party, necessarily been as candid as possible, on the whole; however, we are all very pleased at every new proof that whatever field the party enters it always shows its superiority. And this time also your play proves this so.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Ferdinand Lassalle, May 18, 1859, in *Ferdinand Lassalle, Nachgelassene Briefe und Schriften*, edited by Gustav Mayer, Vol. 3, pp. 178-84.

The Social and Historical Roots of a Literary Upsurge .

I regret that I cannot comply with your request to write you a letter such as you could utilize against Mr. Barr. This would drag me into open polemics with him and for that I should literally have to rob myself of time. What I write here, therefore, is intended only for your private information.

Moreover, I am not at all acquainted with what you call the Scandinavian woman's movement. I know only some of Ibsen's dramas and have absolutely no idea whether and to what extent Ibsen can be held responsible for the more or less hysterical effusions of bourgeois and petty-bourgeois women careerists.

Besides, the whole complex of what is usually called the woman question is so vast a field that it is impossible to give,

within the limited space of a letter, any exhaustive or even to some extent satisfactory treatment of the matter. One thing, however, is certain—Marx could not "hold the point of view" ascribed to him by Mr. Barr. He would have to be crazy to do so.

As for your attempt to analyze the question from the materialist viewpoint, I must first of all say that the materialist method is turned into its opposite when used, not as a guideline in historical investigation, but as a ready-made pattern on which to tailor historical facts. And if Mr. Barr thinks he can trap you in this way, it seems to me that he is somewhat justified in thinking so.

You subsume all Norway and everything that happens there under the single category of philistinism, and then unconsciously attribute your idea of *German* philistinism to this Norwegian philistinism. But two facts stand in the way of this:

First, when all over Europe the victory over Napoleon appeared as a victory of reaction over the Revolution, and it was only in its French fatherland that the Revolution aroused enough anxiety to compel the restored legitimacy to grant a bourgeois-liberal constitution, Norway found the opportunity to achieve a constitution far more democratic than any other contemporary constitution in Europe.

And secondly, during the past twenty years Norway has experienced a literary upsurge such as no other country, except Russia, has been able to show during the same period. Philistines or not, those people are doing far more than the others and are also leaving their mark on other literatures, not least on German literature.

The facts, in my opinion, make it necessary to investigate to some extent the specific features of Norwegian philistinism.

And when you do, you will probably find a very essential difference. In Germany, philistinism is the product of an unsuccessful revolution, of an arrested and retarded development. It acquired its peculiar and abnormally developed characteristics of cowardice, narrowness, impotence, and incapability of showing any initiative whatever as a result of the Thirty Years' War and the ensuing period when nearly

all other great nations experienced a stormy growth. German philistinism persisted also later, when Germany was again carried into the stream of historical development. It was pronounced enough to put its imprint on all other classes of German society as more or less typically German, until our workers are most decidedly "without a country" in the fact that they have completely cast off the German philistine narrow-mindedness.

One should therefore regard German philistinism not as a normal historical stage, but as an extremely exaggerated caricature and example of degeneration. It is classic only in the extremely circumscribed and exaggerated petty-bourgeoisie. The English, French, etc., petty-bourgeois is not at all on the same level as the German one.

In Norway, on the contrary, the small peasantry and petty-bourgeoisie, together with a small admixture of the middle bourgeoisie—such as existed, for example, in England and France in the seventeenth century—represents the normal condition of society during a number of centuries. There can be no question here of a forced return to outdated conditions on account of some unsuccessful great movement and a Thirty Years' War. Owing to its isolation and natural conditions the country lagged behind, but its situation always corresponded to the conditions of production and on this account was normal. Only very recently do sporadic beginnings of large scale industry appear, but there is no room here for the most powerful lever of concentration of capital—the Stock Exchange; and a conservative influence is also exerted by the great overseas trade. While in all other countries, the steamer supersedes the sailboat, Norway increases its fleet of sailboats enormously and owns, if not the greatest, the next to the greatest fleet of this type of boats in the world, belonging mostly to small and medium shipowners, as in England say around 1720. One way or another this brings vitality instead of the old stagnation, and this vitality is evidently reflected in the flourishing literature.

The Norwegian peasant was never a serf, and this fact—as in Castile—gives the entire development of the country an altogether different background. The Norwegian petty-

bourgeois is the son of a free peasant; as a result he is a *real man* compared to the miserable German philistine. In the same way the Norwegian woman of petty-bourgeois surroundings stands immeasurably higher than the wife of the German philistine. And whatever the defects of Ibsen's dramas, for instance, they nevertheless reflect a world, although petty and middle bourgeois, that is vastly different from the corresponding German world; they reflect a world in which people still possess character, are capable of initiative, and act independently, even though occasionally their behavior may seem odd to a foreign observer. Thus I prefer to make a thorough study of all this before venturing an opinion.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Paul Ernst, June 5, 1890
Original in the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, Moscow.

On Style

My property is *form*, it is my spiritual individuality. *The style is the man.* And how! The law allows me to write, but on the condition that I write in a style other than my own, I have the right to show the face of my spirit, but I must first set it in *the prescribed expression!* What man of honour would not blush at such presumption and prefer to hide his head under his toga? At least the toga suggests the head of Jupiter. The prescribed expression only means putting a good face on a bad situation.

You admire the delightful variety, the inexhaustible wealth of nature. You do not demand that a rose should have the same scent as a violet, but the richest of all, the spirit, is to be allowed to exist in *only one form?* I am a humourist, but the law orders me to write seriously. I am bold, but the law orders my style to be modest. Gray and more gray, that is the only authorized colour of freedom. Every dewdrop in which the sun is reflected, glitters with an inexhaustible display of colours, but the sun of the spirit may break into ever so many different individuals and objects, yet it is permitted to produce only one colour, the *official colour.* The essential

form of the spirit is *gaiety, light*, and you make *shadows* its only proper manifestation; it must be dressed only in black, and yet there are no black flowers. The essence of the spirit is always *truth itself*, and what do you make its essence? *Modesty*. Only the knave is modest, says Goethe; and you want to make such a knave out of the spirit? Or should the modesty be that modesty of genius of which Schiller speaks, then first transform all your citizens and above all your censors into geniuses.

Karl Marx, "Ueber die neueste Preussische Zensurinstruktion,"
MEGA, Part I, Vol. 1, p. 154.

Socialist Humanism

Man adapts his all-sided being in an all-sided manner, in other words, as a total man. Every one of his *human* relations with the world: seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, thinking, contemplating, willing, acting, loving, in short, all the organs of his individuality as well as the organs which in their immediate form are common to all, are in their *objective* attitude or in their attitude to the object an adoption of the latter. The adoption of *human reality* and its attitude toward the object is the *manifestation of human reality*: human activity and human suffering, for suffering, viewed humanly, is man's self-enjoyment.

Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is *ours only* if we have it, that is, exists as capital for us or is *used by us*: immediately possessed, eaten, drunk, worn on our body, or lived in. Although private property looks on all these immediate embodiments of possession only as *means of sustenance*, the life which they serve is the *life of private property*, work and capital.

Hence there has been a simple alienation of *all* these senses; and the *sense of having* has taken the place of *all* physical and spiritual senses. Human existence had to be reduced to this absolute poverty, in order to give birth to its inner richness....

The abolition of private property means therefore the complete *emancipation* of all human senses and aptitudes; but it means that emancipation for the very reason that these senses and aptitudes have become *human*, both subjectively and objectively.

Abolition as an objective movement *taking back* into itself what has been alienated—this insight expressed within the alienation is the *adoption* of the objective essence by eliminating what alienates it; the alienated insight into the *real objectivization* of man, in the real adoption of his objective essence by destroying the *alienating* definition of the objective world, by removing it in its alienated essence—just as atheism as the elimination of God becomes theoretical humanism, and communism as the abolition of private property is the vindication of real human life as well as of its property. This is the process of development of practical humanism—or atheism is humanism brought about by abolishing religion, communism is humanism brought about by abolishing private property. Only by first removing this interceding element—which, however, is a necessary prerequisite—does *positive*, self-created humanism come into being.

But atheism and communism are not escapes; they are not abstractions; they are not a loss of the objective world produced by man or of his powers which have matured into objectivity; they are not poverty returning to unnatural, undeveloped simplicity. They are rather the first real development, the real materialization for man of his being.

Karl Marx, "Oekonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte aus dem Jahre 1844", MEGA, Part I, Vol. 3, pp. 118-19, 166-67.

Petty-Bourgeois Writers

Only one must not form the narrow-minded notion that the petty bourgeoisie, on principle, wishes to enforce an egoistic class interest. Rather, it believes that the *special* conditions of its emancipation are the *general* conditions under which modern society can alone be saved and the class strug-

gle avoided. Just as little must one imagine that the democratic representatives are all shopkeepers or enthusiastic champions of shopkeepers. According to their education and their individual position they may be separated from them as widely as heaven from earth. What makes them representatives of the petty bourgeoisie is the fact that in their minds they do not go beyond the limits which the latter do not go beyond in life, that they are consequently driven theoretically to the same tasks and solutions to which material interest and social position practically drive the latter. This is in general the relationship of the *political and literary representatives* of a class to the class that they represent.

Karl Marx, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, p. 43.

The Writer's Profession

The writer must, naturally, make a living in order to exist and write, but he must not exist and write in order to make a living....

The writer in no way regards his works as a means. They are *ends in themselves*; so little are they a means for him and others that, when necessary, he sacrifices his existence to theirs, and, like the preacher of religion, he takes as his principle: "Obey God more than men," men among whom he is himself included along with his human needs and desires. On the other hand, imagine a tailor, from whom I order a Parisian frock coat, bringing me a Roman toga because it is more in accord with the external law of the beautiful! *The first freedom of the press consists in its not being a business.* The writer who debases it to a material means, deserves, as punishment for this inner lack of freedom, an external lack of freedom, namely censorship, or rather its existence is already his punishment.

Karl Marx, "Debaten ueber Pressfreiheit," MEGA, Part I, Vol. I, pp. 222-23.

IV. LITERARY HISTORY

Slavery and the Culture of Antiquity

It was slavery that first made possible the division of labour between agriculture and industry on a considerable scale, and along with this, the flower of the ancient world, Hellenism. Without slavery, no Greek state, no Greek art, and science; without slavery, no Roman Empire. But without Hellenism and the Roman Empire as a basis, also no modern Europe. We should never forget that our whole economic, political and intellectual development has as its presupposition a state of things in which slavery was as necessary as it was universally recognized. In this sense we are entitled to say: without the slavery of antiquity, no modern socialism.

It is very easy to inveigh against slavery and similar things in general terms, and to give vent to high moral indignation at such infamies. Unfortunately all that this conveys is only what everyone knows, namely that these institutions of antiquity are no longer in accord with our present-day conditions and our sentiments, which these conditions determine. But it does not tell us one word as to how these institutions arose, why they existed, and what role they have played in history. And when we examine these questions, we are compelled to say—however contradictory and heretical it may sound—that the introduction of slavery under the conditions of that time was a great step forward. For it is a fact that man sprang from the beasts, and had consequently to use barbaric and almost bestial means to extricate himself from barbarism. The ancient communes, where they continued to exist, have for thousands of years formed the basis of the most barbarous form of state, oriental despotism, from India to Russia. It was only where these communities dissolved that the peoples

made progress of themselves, and their first economic advance consisted in the increase and development of production by means of slave labour. It is clear that so long as human labour was still so little productive that it provided but a small surplus over and above the necessary means of subsistence, any increase of the productive forces, extension of trade, development of the state and of law, or beginning of art and science, was only possible by means of a greater division of labour. And the necessary basis for this was the great division of labour and the few privileged persons directing labour, conducting trade and public affairs, and, at a later stage, occupying themselves with art and science. The simplest and most natural form of this division of labour was in fact slavery. In the historical conditions of the ancient world, and particularly of Greece, the advance to a society based on class antagonisms could only be accomplished in the form of slavery. This was an advance even for the slaves; the prisoners of war, from whom the mass of the slaves was recruited, now at least kept their lives, instead of being killed as they had been before, or even roasted, as at a still earlier period.

We may add at this point that all historical antagonisms between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes to this very day find their explanation in this same relatively undeveloped productivity of human labour. So long as the really working population was so much occupied in their necessary labour that they had no time left for looking after the common affairs of society—the direction of labour, affairs of the state, legal matters, art, science, etc.—so long was it always necessary that there should exist a special class, freed from actual labour, to manage these affairs; and this special class never failed to impose a greater and greater burden of labour, for its own advantage, on the working masses. Only the immense increase of the productive forces attained through large-scale industry made it possible to distribute labour among all members of society without exception, and thereby to limit the labour time of each individual member to such an extent that all have enough free time left to take part in the general—both theoretical and practical—affairs of society. It is only now, therefore, that any ruling and ex-

ploiting class has become superfluous and indeed a hindrance to social development, and it is only now, too, that it will be inexorably abolished, however much it may be in possession of the "direct force."

When, therefore, Herr Duhring turns up his nose at Hellenism because it was founded on slavery, he might with equal justice reproach the Greeks with having no steam engines and electric telegraphs.

Frederick Engels. *Herr Duehring's Revolution in Science (Anti-Duehring)*, pp. 200-01.

The Reflection of the Social System in Ancient Greek Art

The history of the family dates from 1861, from the publication of Bachofen's *Mutterrecht*.* In this work the author advances the following propositions: (1) That originally man lived in a state of sexual promiscuity, to describe which Bachofen uses the mistaken term "hetaerism"; (2) that such promiscuity excludes any certainty of paternity, and that descent could therefore be reckoned only in the female line, according to mother-right, and that this was originally the case amongst all the peoples of antiquity; (3) that since women, as mothers, were the only parents of the younger generation that were known with certainty, they held a position of such high respect and honour that it became the foundation, in Bachofen's conception, of a regular rule of women (gynaecocracy); (4) that the transition to monogamy, where the women belonged to one man exclusively, involved a violation of a primitive religious law (that is, actually a violation of the traditional right of the other men to this woman), and that in order to expiate this violation or to purchase indulgence for it the woman had to surrender herself for a limited period.

* Mother-right (matriarchate).—Ed.

Bachofen finds the proofs of these assertions in innumerable passages of ancient classical literature, which he collected with immense industry. According to him, the development from "hetaerism" to monogamy, and from mother-right to father-right is accomplished, particularly among the Greeks, as the consequence of an advance in religious conceptions, introducing into the old hierarchy of the gods, representative of the old outlook, new divinities, representative of the new outlook who push the former more and more into the background. Thus, according to Bachofen, it is not the development of men's actual conditions of life, but the religious reflection of these conditions inside their heads, which has brought about the historical changes in the social position of the sexes in relation to each other. In accordance with this view, Bachofen interprets the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus as the dramatic representation of the conflict between declining mother-right and the new father-right that arose and triumphed in the heroic age. For the sake of her paramour, Aegisthus, Clytemnestra slays her husband, Agamemnon, on his return from the Trojan War; but Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and herself, avenges his father's murder by slaying his mother. For this act he is pursued by the Furies, the demonic guardians of mother-right, according to which matricide is the gravest and most inexpiable crime. But Apollo, who by the voice of his oracle had summoned Orestes to this deed, and Athena, who is called upon to give judgment—the two deities who here represent the new patriarchal order—take Orestes under their protection; Athena hears both sides. The whole matter of the dispute is briefly summed up in the debate which now takes place between Orestes and the Furies. Orestes contends that Clytemnestra has committed a double crime; she has slain *her* husband and thus she has also slain *his* father. Why should the Furies pursue him, and not her, seeing that she is by far the more guilty? The answer is striking: "She was *not kin by blood* to the man she slew."

The murder of a man not related by blood, even if he be the husband of the murdress, is expiable and does not concern the Furies; their office is solely to punish murder between blood relations, and of such murders the most grave and the

most inexpiable, according to mother-right, is matricide. Apollo now comes forward in Orestes' defence; Athena calls upon the Aeropagites—the Athenian jurors—to vote; the votes for Orestes' condemnation and for his acquittal are equal; Athena, as president, gives her vote for Orestes and acquits him. Father-right has triumphed over mother-right, the "gods of young descent," as the Furies themselves call them, have triumphed over the Furies; the latter then finally allow themselves to be persuaded to take up a new office in the service of the new order.

This new but undoubtedly correct interpretation of the *Oresteia* is one of the best and finest passages in the whole book, but it proves at the same time that Bachofen believes at least as much as Aeschylus did in the Furies, Apollo, and Athena; for, at bottom, he believes that the overthrow of mother-right by father-right was a miracle wrought during the Greek heroic age by these divinities. That such a conception, which makes religion the lever of world history, must finally end in pure mysticism, is clear. It is therefore a tough and by no means always a grateful task to plough through Bachofen's solid tome. But all that does not lessen his importance as a pioneer. He was the first to replace the vague phrases about some unknown primitive state of sexual promiscuity by proofs of the following facts: that abundant traces survive in old classical literature of a state prior to monogamy among the Greeks and Asiatics when not only did a man have sexual intercourse with several women, but a woman with several men, without offending against morality; that this custom did not disappear without leaving its traces in the limited surrender which was the price women had to pay for the right to monogamy; that therefore descent could originally be reckoned only in the female line, from mother to mother; that far into the period of monogamy, with its certain or at least acknowledged paternity, the female line was still alone recognized; and that the original position of the mothers, as the only certain parents of their children, secured for them, and thus for their whole sex, a higher social position than women have ever enjoyed since. Bachofen did not put these statements as clearly as this, for he was hindered by his mys-

ticism. But he proved them; and in 1861 that was a real revolution.

Frederick Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*, pp. 8-10.

Forms of the Family and Their Reflection in Literature

But if monogamy was the only one of all the known forms of the family through which modern sex-love could develop, that does not mean that within monogamy modern sexual love developed exclusively or even chiefly as the love of husband and wife for each other. That was precluded by the very nature of strictly monogamous marriage under the rule of the man. Among all historically active classes—that is, among all ruling classes—matrimony remained what it had been since the pairing marriage, a matter of convenience which was arranged by the parents. The first historical form of sexual love as passion, a passion recognized as natural to all human beings (at least if they belonged to the ruling classes), and as the highest form of the sexual impulse—and that is what constitutes its specific character—this first form of individual sexual love, the chivalrous love of the middle ages, was by no means conjugal. Quite the contrary. In its classic form among the Provencals, it heads straight for adultery, and the poets of love celebrated adultery. The flower of Provencal love poetry are the Albas (*aubades*, songs of dawn). They describe in glowing colours how the knight lies in bed beside his love—the wife of another man—while outside stands the watchman who calls to him as soon as the first gray of dawn (*alba*) appears, so that he can get away unobserved; the parting scene then forms the climax of the poem. The northern French and also the worthy Germans adopted this kind of poetry together with the corresponding fashion of chivalrous love; old Wolfram of Eschenbach has left us three wonderfully

beautiful songs of dawn on this same improper subject, which I like better than his three long heroic poems.

Nowadays there are two ways of concluding a bourgeois marriage. In Catholic countries the parents, as before, procure a suitable wife for their young bourgeois son, and the consequence is, of course, the fullest development of the contradiction inherent in monogamy: the husband abandons himself to hetaerism and the wife to adultery. Probably the only reason why the Catholic Church abolished divorce was because it had convinced itself that there is no more a cure for adultery than there is for death. In Protestant countries, on the other hand, the rule is that the son of a bourgeois family is allowed to choose a wife from his own class with more or less freedom; hence there may be a certain element of love in the marriage, as, indeed, in accordance with Protestant hypocrisy, is always assumed, for decency's sake. Here the husband's hetaerism is a more sleepy kind of business, and adultery by the wife is less the rule. But since, in every kind of marriage, people remain what they were before, and since the bourgeois of Protestant countries are mostly philistines, all that this Protestant monogamy achieves, taking the average of the best cases, is a conjugal partnership of leaden boredom, known as "domestic bliss". The best mirror of these two methods of marrying is the novel—the French novel for the Catholic manner, the German for the Protestant. In both, the hero "gets" them: In the German, the young man gets the girl; in the French, the husband gets the horns. Which of them is worse off is sometimes questionable. This is why the French bourgeois is as much horrified by the dullness of the German novel as the German philistine is by the "immorality" of the French. However, now that "Berlin is a world capital," the German novel is beginning with a little less timidity to use as part of its regular stock-in-trade the hetaerism and adultery long familiar to that town.

In both cases, however, the marriage is conditioned by the class position of the parties and is to that extent always a marriage of convenience. In both cases this marriage of convenience turns often enough into crassest prostitution—sometimes of both partners, but far more commonly of the

woman, who only differs from the ordinary courtesan in that she does not let out her body on piece-work as a wage-worker, but sells it once and for all into slavery.

Frederick Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*, pp. 62-63.

The Epoch of the Renaissance

Modern natural science, which alone has achieved an all-round systematic and scientific development, as contrasted with the brilliant natural-philosophical intuitions of antiquity and the extremely important but sporadic discoveries of the Arabs, which for the most part vanished without results—this modern natural science dates, like all more recent history, from that mighty epoch which we Germans term the Reformation, from the national misfortune that overtook us at that time, and which the French term the Renaissance and the Italians the Cinquecento, although it is not fully expressed by any of these names. It is the epoch which had its rise in the last half of the fifteenth century. Royalty, with the support of the burghers of the towns, broke the power of the feudal nobility and established the great monarchies, based essentially on nationality, within which the modern European nations and modern bourgeois society came to development. And while the burghers and nobles were still fighting one another, the peasant war in Germany pointed prophetically to future class struggles, not only by bringing on to the stage the peasants in revolt—that was no longer anything new—but behind them the beginnings of the modern proletariat, with the red flag in their hands and the demand for common ownership of goods on their lips. In the manuscripts saved from the fall of Byzantium, in the antique statues dug out of the ruins of Rome, a new world was revealed to the astonished West, that of ancient Greece; the ghosts of the Middle Ages vanished before its shining forms; Italy rose to an undreamt-of flowering of art, which seemed like a reflection of classical

antiquity and was never attained again. In Italy, France, and Germany a new literature arose, the first modern literature; shortly afterwards came the classical epochs of English and Spanish literature. The bounds of the old *orbis terrarum* were pierced. Only now for the first time was the world really discovered and the basis laid for subsequent world trade and the transition from handicraft to manufacture, which in its turn formed the starting point for modern large scale industry. The dictatorship of the Church over men's minds was shattered; it was directly cast off by the majority of the Germanic peoples, who adopted Protestantism, while among the Latins a cheerful spirit of free thought, taken over from the Arabs and nourished by the newly discovered Greek philosophy, took root more and more and prepared the way for the materialism of the eighteenth century.

It was the greatest progressive revolution that mankind has so far experienced, a time which called for giants and produced giants—giants in power of thought, passion, and character, in universality and learning. The men who founded the modern rule of the bourgeoisie had anything but bourgeois limitations. On the contrary, the adventurous character of the time inspired them to a greater or less degree. There was hardly any man of importance then living who had not travelled extensively, who did not command four or five languages, who did not shine in a number of fields. Leonardo da Vinci was not only a great painter but also a great mathematician, mechanician, and engineer, to whom the most diverse branches of physics are indebted for important discoveries. Albrecht Duerer was painter, engraver, sculptor, and architect, and in addition invented a system of fortification embodying many of the ideas that much later were again taken up by Montalembert and the modern German science of fortification. Machiavelli was statesman, historian, poet, and at the same time the first notable military author of modern times. Luther not only cleaned the Augean stable of the Church but also that of the German language; he created modern German prose and composed the text and melody of that triumphal hymn which became the Marseillaise of the sixteenth century. The heroes of that time had not yet

come under the servitude of the division of labour, the restricting effects of which, with its production of one-sidedness, we so often notice in their successors. But what is especially characteristic of them is that they almost all pursue their lives and activities in the midst of the contemporary movements, in the practical struggle; they take sides and join in the fight, one by speaking and writing; another with the sword, many with both. Hence the fullness and force of character that makes them complete men. Men of the study are the exception—either persons of second or third rank or cautious philistines who do not want to burn their fingers.

Frederick Engels, *Dialectics of Nature*, pp. 1-3.

The Social Character of Renaissance Art

As always, Sancho* once again has bad luck with his practical examples. He is of the opinion that no one can "do your musical composing or your painting for you. No one can replace Raphael's works.". Sancho ought to have known, however, that it was not Mozart himself but someone else who did most of the composition of Mozart's Requiem and finally completed it; that Raphael himself "executed" only a few of his frescoes.

He imagines that the so-called organizers of the work wanted to organize the total activity of each individual, whereas it is precisely they who distinguish between direct productive work, which must be organized, and the work not directly productive. In the latter works, however, they do not, as Sancho imagines, expect everyone to take Raphael's place, but, in their opinion, everyone in whom there is a Raphael should be able to develop freely, Sancho imagines that Raphael executed his pictures independent of the division of labour prevailing in Rome during his time. If he were to compare Raphael with Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, he

* One of the numerous names which Marx and Engels derisively call Stirner, author of *The Ego and His Own*.—Ed.

would see to what extent the works of art of the first were conditioned by the flowering of Rome at that time developed under Florentine influence, the work of the second by conditions in Florence, and later the work of the third by the entirely different development of Venice. Raphael, like every other artist, was conditioned by the technical progress which the art had made before him, by the organization of society and the division of labour in his locality, and finally by the division of labour in all the countries with which his own locality had relations. Whether an individual like Raphael develops his talent depends entirely upon the demand which in turn depends upon the division of labour and the cultural relations of people arising from this....

In this respect Stirner stands far below the bourgeoisie by proclaiming the individual character of scientific and artistic labour. It has already, in our own day, been found necessary to organize this "individual" activity. Horace Vernet would not have had time for a tenth of his pictures if he had regarded them as works "which only this individual was capable of completing." The great demand for vaudeville and novels in Paris has called forth an organization of labour for the production of these articles which is still producing better stuff than its "individual" competitors in Germany. In astronomy, people like Arago, Herschel, Enke, and Bessel have found it necessary to organize themselves for collective observations, and have attained appreciable results only since then. In the writing of history it is absolutely impossible for the "individual" to achieve anything, and here too the French have long surpassed all other nations. It is evident, moreover, that all these organizations based on the modern division of labour still lead to highly limited results and constitute progress only by comparison with the preceding narrow individualization.

It must also be especially emphasized that Sancho confuses the organization of labour with communism and even wonders why "communism" does not reply to his doubts about this organization. In the same way a Gascon peasant lad wonders why Arago cannot tell him on what star the dear Lord has set up his court.

The exclusive concentration of artistic talent in a few individuals and its consequent suppression in the large masses is the result of the division of labour. Even if under certain social conditions everyone were an excellent painter, this would not prevent everyone from also being an original painter, so that here, too, the difference between "human" and "individual" work becomes sheer nonsense. The subordination of the artist to local and national narrowness which arises entirely out of the division of labour, and the subordination of the individual to a given art so that he is exclusively a painter, a sculptor, etc., and the very name sufficiently expresses the narrowness of his professional development and his dependence on the division of labour—in a communist organization of society all this disappears. In a communist organization of society there are no painters; at most there are people who, among other things, also paint.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The German Ideology*, Part II
MEGA, Part I, Vol. 5, pp. 372-73.

On Dante

The Manifesto does full justice to the revolutionary action of capitalism in the past. The first capitalist nation was Italy. The close of the feudal Middle Ages, the threshold of the modern capitalist era, was marked by a gigantic, colossal figure. It was an Italian, Dante, who was both the last poet of the Middle Ages and the first poet of modern times. Today, a new historical era is unfolding. Will Italy give us the new Dante, who will mark the hour of birth of this new proletarian era?

Frederick Engels, Preface to the first Italian edition of the *Communist Manifesto*, Feb. 1, 1893.

Provencal Poetry

In the Middle Ages the Southern French nation, commonly known as the Provencal nation, did not only have a "worthy evolution," it really took the lead in Europe's evolution. It was the first of the newly formed nations to have a cultured language. Its poetry served as an unrivalled model to all the Romance peoples, and even to the Germans and the English. In the cultural development of its feudal nobility, it competed with the Castilians, the Northern French, and the Norman English; and in industry and trade it was on a par with the Italians. It not only carried "a phase of medieval life" to a "brilliant level of development"; it even brought forward in the darkest Medieval period some of the lustre of ancient Greek culture.

Frederick Engels, "The Polish Debate in France," MEGA Part I, Vol. 7, pp. 332-33.

"Grobian" Literature

Shortly before and during the Reformation, there developed among the Germans a kind of literature the very name of which is striking—"grobian" (loutish) literature. Today we are approaching a period of great changes similar to that of the sixteenth century. So it is not surprising that "grobian" literature is again appearing among the Germans. Interest in historical development easily overcomes aesthetic disgust, for this kind of hack-writing excites even a slightly cultured taste, as was the case in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Stale, boastful, swaggering, conceited, offensively pretentious, and hysterically sensitive to a blunt counter-offensive; swinging the sword with terrific waste of energy and reaching out far and wide only to see it fall flat; constantly preaching morality and constantly violating morality; a most absurd melange of the pathetic and vulgar; only worried about the real truth, yet always slipping past the truth; arrogantly

counterposing petty-bourgeois half-culture to popular understanding and so-called "common sense" to science; pouring forth endlessly with rather complacent frivolity; giving plenbeian form to philistine content; wrestling with literary language in order to give it a so-called purely physical character; fond of pointing to the writer's physique in the background, with fingers itching to give a few examples of his prowess, to show his broad shoulders and publicly flex his muscles; proclaiming a healthy mind in a healthy body; unconsciously infected with the most fine-spun quarrels and the physical fever of the sixteenth century; held spellbound in dogmatically limited concepts, while appealing against all understanding to petty practice; thundering against reaction and reacting against progress; incapable of making its opponents ridiculous, hence inveighing ridiculously against them down the whole gamut of sounds; Solomon and Marculf, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, visionary and suburbanite all in one; a coarse form of rage, a form of coarse rage; and hovering above it all, as atmosphere, the *honourable* conscience of a self-satisfied philistine—that was the "grobian" literature of the sixteenth century. If our memory does not betray us, German popular humour erected a lyrical monument to this literature in the song of "Heinecke, the strong knight."

Karl Marx, "Moralizing Criticism and Critical Morality," MEGA Part I, Vol. 6, pp. 298-99.

On Diderot

Today I have discovered by accident that we have two copies of *Le Neveu de Rameau** in our house and am therefore sending you one. This unique masterpiece will give you fresh pleasure again....

More amusing than Hegel's commentary is that of Mr.

* *Le Neveu de Rameau* (Rameau's Nephew), a satirical dialogue by Diderot (1713-1784) one of the leading French materialist philosophers of the eighteenth century, editor of the *Encyclopédie* and a brilliant man of letters.

Jules Janin, from which you will find extracts in the appendix to the little volume. This *cardinal de la mer* [sea-cardinal] feels the lack of a moral in Diderot's *Rameau* and has therefore set the thing right by the discovery that all Rameau's contrariness arises from his vexation at not being a "born gentleman." The Kotzebue-ish rubbish which he has piled up on this cornerstone is being performed as a melodrama in London. From Diderot to Jules Janin is no doubt what the physiologists call regressive metamorphosis. The French intellect as it was before the revolution and under Louis Philippe!

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Apr. 15, 1869, in *Selected Correspondence of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels*, pp. 259-61.

Meanwhile, along with and after the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, the newer German philosophy had arisen, culminating in Hegel. Its greatest merit was the re-adoption of dialectics as the highest form of thinking. The old Greek philosophers were all natural born dialecticians, and Aristotle, the most encyclopaedic intellect of them, had even already analyzed the most essential forms of dialectic thought. The newer philosophy, on the other hand, although it too included brilliant exponents of dialectics (e.g., Descartes and Spinoza), had become especially under English influence, more and more rigidly fixed in the so-called metaphysical mode of reasoning, by which also the French of the eighteenth century, at all events in their special philosophical works, were almost exclusively dominated. But outside philosophy in the restricted sense, the French were nevertheless able to produce masterpieces of dialectic; we need only recall Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau* and Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men*.

Frederick Engels, *Herr Duehring's Revolution in Science (Anti-Duehring)*, p. 26.

On Goethe

Goethe did not like to deal with "God": the word made him uncomfortable. He felt himself at home only in the human, and it was this humanity, this emancipation of art from the fetters of religion that determined Goethe's greatness. In this respect neither the great writers of antiquity nor even Shakespeare measure up to him.

Frederick Engels, *Die Lage Englands*, MEGA, Part I, Vol. 2, p. 428.

...I'm going to revise the article on Gruen's Goethe, cut it to a half or three-quarters of a [printer's] signature and put it in shape for our publication—if you think I should. Please write me soon about this. The book is only too typical: Gruen praises all of Goethe's philistine sentiments as *human*, he makes the Goethe of Frankfort and Goethe the government official "the true man," while he overlooks or even tramples on everything overpowering, everything of genius in the man. So that this book offers the most striking proof that *man equals the German petty bourgeois*. I only indicated that; but it could be developed and the rest of the article somewhat lengthened, since it doesn't fit into our paper. What do you think?

Frederick Engels, Letter to Karl Marx, Jan. 15, 1847, MEGA, Part IV, Vol. 1, p. 65.

Naturally we cannot speak in detail here of Goethe himself. We are calling attention to only one point. Goethe stands in his works in a double relation to the German society of his time. Sometimes he is hostile to it: he tries to escape its odiousness, as in the *Iphigenia* and in general during the Italian journey; he rebels against it as Goetz, Prometheus, and Faust; he pours out on it his bitterest scorn as Mephistopheles. Sometimes, on the contrary, he is friendly to it, ac-

commodating, as in most of the *Tame Epigrams* and in many prose writings, celebrates it, as in the *Masquerades*, even defends it against the intruding historical movement, particularly in all the writings where he happens to speak of the French Revolution. It is not only single sides of German life that Goethe accepts, as opposed to others that are repugnant to him. More commonly it is the various moods in which he finds himself; it is the persistent struggle in himself between the poet of genius, disgusted by the wretchedness of his surroundings, and the Frankfurt alderman's cautious child, the privy councillor of Weimar, who sees himself forced to make a truce with it and to get used to it. Thus Goethe is now colossal, now petty; now a defiant, ironical, world-scorning genius, now a calculated, complacent, narrow philistine. Even Goethe was unable to overcome the wretchedness of German life; on the contrary, it overcame him, and this victory over the greatest German is the best proof that it cannot be conquered by the individual. Goethe was too universal, too active a nature, too fleshly to seek escape from this wretchedness in a flight, like Schiller's, to the Kantian ideal: he was too sharp-sighted not to see how this flight finally reduced itself to the exchange of a commonplace for a transcendental misery. His temperament, his energies, his whole spiritual tendency directed him towards practical life, and the practical life that he met with, was miserable. In this dilemma—to exist in a sphere of life that he must despise, and yet to be fettered to this sphere, as the only one in which he could fulfil himself—in this dilemma Goethe continually found himself, and the older he became, the more did the powerful poet retire, *de guerre lasse* [weary of war], behind the insignificant Weimar minister. We are not throwing it up to Goethe, *a la Boerne* and Menzel, that he was not a liberal, but that he could even be a philistine at times; not that he was incapable of any enthusiasm for German freedom, but that he sacrificed his occasionally irrepressible, sounder aesthetic feeling to a small-town aversion to every great contemporary historical movement; not that he was a courtier, but at the time when a Napoleon was cleaning out the vast Augean stables of Germany, he could manage with a ceremonial seri-

ousness the most trivial affairs and the *menu plaisir*s [minute details] of one of the most trivial little German courts. In general, we are reproaching him neither from moral nor from partisan standpoints, but chiefly from aesthetic and historical standpoints; we are measuring Goethe neither by a moral, nor by a political, nor by a "human" standard. We cannot undertake here to represent Goethe in connection with his whole age, with his literary forerunners and contemporaries, in his development and social position. We are therefore limiting ourselves simply to the statement of the fact.

Frederick Engels, "Deutscher Sozialismus in Versen und Prosa, II," MEGA Part I, Vol 6, pp. 56-58.

On Platen

Of the poetic children of the Restoration period, whose powers were not paralyzed by the electric blows of the year 1830 and whose fame has only now, in the present period of literature, been established, three figures bear a marked resemblance: Immermann, Chamisso, and Platen. In all three, unusual individuality, strong character, and powers of intellect at least outweigh their insufficient poetic talent. In Chamisso, now imagination and feeling, now calculating intellect prevail: particularly in his *terza-rima* poems, where the surface is completely intellectual and cold, but beneath it one hears a noble heart beating. In Immermann, these two traits are in conflict, giving rise to that dualism which he himself recognizes. His strong personality was able to bind together, but not unite the high points of his poetry. And in Platen, poetry gives up its independence, falling easily under the sway of more powerful intellect. If Platen's imagination had not been able to lean on his intellect and his high-minded character, he would not have been so famous. Hence he represented the reasonable in poetry form; and it was not given to him to end his career with a really great work. He knew that such a work was necessary to make his fame lasting, but

he also felt that he was not yet ready to write it. So he based his hopes on the future and on his preliminary works. Meanwhile time passed, and he died without ever getting beyond these preliminary writings.

Platen's imagination followed timidly in the bold footsteps of his intellect. And when it came close to a work of genius, demanding a daring leap which the intellect could not make, his imagination had to recoil. Platen's mistake lay in the fact that he considered the products of his intellect as poetry. His creative ability was adequate for Anacreontic lyrics; and at times it flashed meteor-like in his comedies. But if we limit ourselves to the things that were characteristic of Platen, most of them were products of the intellect and have always been recognised as such. People will grow weary of his overrefined lyrics and his rhetorical odes; they will consider the polemical passages in his comedies largely unfounded. But they will pay high tribute to the wit of his dialogue and the sublimity of his choral odes; and they will recognize that his one-sidedness was based on his greatness of character. Platen's place in literary history will change: he will be placed further away from Goethe and nearer Boerne.

That his opinions also place him closer to Boerne is shown by many allusions in his comedies as well as by several poems in his collected works, among others, the *Ode to Charles X.* A series of songs inspired by the Polish struggle for liberation were not included in this edition, although they are of outstanding importance in judging Platen. Now they have appeared in another edition, as a supplement to his collected works. I find that they confirm my views on Platen. Here intellect and character replace poetry more strikingly than elsewhere. Hence Platen is seldom at home in the simple form of the *Lied* [song]. He is at his best in long extended verses, every one of which contains an idea, or in artificial meter of the ode, whose serious measured pace almost seems to demand rhetorical content. Ideas occur to Platen together with the art of his verse, and that is the most telling proof of the intellectual origin of his poetry. Whoever makes other demands on Platen will not be satisfied by these Polish songs; but whoever takes the little volume in hand with this in mind

will be richly compensated for the lack of poetic savour by a wealth of powerful and sublime ideas created by a most noble character with "magnificent passion," as the foreword aptly points out. It is a pity that these poems did not appear a few months earlier, when the German national consciousness rose up against the Tsarist Russian pentarchy [rule of five] in Europe; they would have been the best answer to the attitude. Perhaps the Pentachist* could also have found many an epigraph for his work in these poems.

Frederick Engels, "Platen," written under the pseudonym of Friedrich Oswald *MEGA* Part I, Vol. 2, pp. 67 f.

Alexander Jung and "Young Germany"

The powerful intellectual movement in Koenigsberg which is seeking to make that city the very centre of political developments in Germany is most gratifying. Since public opinion there is so free and cultured, it seems even stranger, therefore, that with respect to philosophy an attempt is being made to advocate a theory of the *juste-milieu* [middle-of-the-roadism], which obviously must clash with the views of the majority of the Koenigsberg public. And if Rosenkranz has written quite a few fairly good pages, although he lacks courage to draw conclusions, in Herr Alexander Jung we see all the flabiness and wretchedness of philosophical middle-of-the-roadism revealed in its true light.

In every movement, in every struggle of ideas, there are certain confused souls who are comfortable only in gloominess. As long as basic principles themselves are not clarified, these individuals are allowed free rein; as long as every one is fighting for clarity, it is not easy to recognize their pre-ordained unclarity. But when the elements divide, when principle stands against principle, then the time has come to dis-

* See "Biographical Sketches" at end of book.—Ed.

miss those incompetents and definitely to settle accounts with them; then their emptiness is disclosed in startling fashion.

Herr Alexander Jung is such a person. The best course to follow would be to ignore his above-named book; but since he also edits a *Koenigsberger Literaturblatt* in which he bores the public every week with his positivism, readers of the *Annals* will forgive me if I deal with him and characterize him somewhat more in detail.

At the time of the recent Young German movement, he wrote letters about the newest literature. He had joined the young movement and then, without wanting to, had gone along with it into the Opposition. What a position for our go-between! Herr Alexander Jung on the extreme Left! One may easily imagine the uneasiness which seized him, the flood of remorse in which he wallowed. He had a special passion for Gutzkow, who was then considered the arch-heretic. He wanted to give vent to his oppressed heart, but he was afraid—he did not want to offend anyone. How then should he go about it? He found a most fitting method: he wrote an apotheosis of Gutzkow and neglected to mention his name in it. Then he called it: "Fragments on the Un-named." If you please, Herr Alexander Jung, that was cowardly!

Since then Jung has written another confused, middle-of-the-road book: *Koenisberg in Prussia and the Extremes of Pietism There*. What a title! He is willing to tolerate pietism, but he must fight against its extremes, just as at present he is fighting against the extremes of the Young Hegelian movement in the *Koenigsberger Literaturblatt*. For are not all extremes evil? Only moderation, sweet moderation, is worth anything. But what are extremes, if not logically drawn conclusions? Besides, Jung's volume on pietism has already been discussed in the *Halle Annals*.

Now he comes along with the above-mentioned book and pours out bucketfuls of vague uncritical assertions, confused judgments, empty phrases, and absurdly limited views. It is as if he had been asleep since the appearance of his "Letters." He has learned nothing, forgotten nothing. The Young Germany movement passed; the Young Hegelian School has

emerged; Strauss, Feuerbach, Bauer, and the *Annals* have attracted widespread attention. The fight over principles is at its height—it is a life-and-death matter, with Christianity the issue. The political movement permeates everything, yet good old Jung still naively believes that "the Nation" has nothing else to do than tensely to await a new play by Gutzkow, a promising novel by Mundt, or something eccentric by Laube. While all Germany resounds with the cry of struggle, while the new principles are being debated at his very feet, Herr Jung sits in his nice little room, chewing on his pen and brooding over the concept of the "modern." He hears nothing, he sees nothing, for he is up to his ears in piles of books, most of which no longer interest a living soul; and he tries to arrange the individual volumes neatly and in orderly Hegelian categories.

On the threshold of his lectures he places the bugbear of the "modern" as a watchdog. What is "modern"? Herr Jung says that he assumes Byron and George Sand to be its initiators and that the leading figures for Germany in the coming period will be Hegel and the so-called young literature. Poor Hegel! What is not ascribed to him? Atheism, autocratic rule of the self-consciousness, revolutionary theory of the state—and now the Young Germany movement. But it is really ridiculous to link Hegel with this group. Does not Herr Jung know that Gutzkow has always argued against Hegelian philosophy, that Mundt and Kuehne understand practically nothing about it, that Mundt for example in his *Madonna* and elsewhere has written the most arrant nonsense and the most flagrant misrepresentations of Hegel's thought, and that he is now an avowed opponent of Hegel's theories? Does he not know that Wienbarg also expressed himself in opposition to Hegel; and that Laube in his *History of Literature* misused Hegel's categories throughout the book?

Next Jung proceeds to analyze the concept of "modern"—and for six pages he strains himself without achieving results. Of course! As if "the modern" could ever "be elevated into a concept!" As if such a vague, flimsy, indefinite phrase, which superficial minds everywhere put forward in a certain mysterious way, could ever become a philosophical category!

What an abyss between the "modern" of Heinrich Laube, smacking of aristocratic drawing rooms and personified only in the form of a dandy, and the "modern science" in the title of Strauss's dogmas! But even that does not help: Herr Jung looks upon that title as proof that Strauss recognizes the power of the modern, especially the Young German modern, on himself; so he quickly lumps Strauss together with Young German literature. Finally he defines the concept of "the modern" as the independence of the subject from any purely external authority. We have long since known that the attempt to achieve this independence is one of the main traits of the contemporary movement, nor does anyone deny that "the modern" is connected with that attempt. But here we get a striking example of his perversity: Herr Jung simply tries to substitute a part for the whole, mistaking an outlived transitional period for a period of flowering.

Now he insists on making the Young Germany movement by hook or crook the outstanding development of the times; and even Hegel is granted a few crumbs of praise. You see how up to now Herr Jung was divided into two parts: on one side of his heart he carried Hegel, on the other Young Germany. Now when he wrote these lectures, he had to bring the two together. How embarrassing! The left hand fondled philosophy, the right hand a superficial glossy "unphilosophy"—and in good Christian fashion the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doth. What else could he do? Instead of being honest and dropping one of his two irreconcilable passions, he made a bold about-face and led "unphilosophy" away from philosophy.

To this end, poor Hegel is interpreted for some thirty pages. A turgid, bombastic apotheosis pours dismally forth over the grave of the great man: from the outset Herr Jung strives with might and main to prove that the basic feature of Hegel's system is the affirmation of the free subject against the domination of rigid objectivity. But one does not have to be too well acquainted with Hegel to know that he aspires to a much loftier point of view, that of *reconciling* the subject with objective forces, that he had a tremendous respect for objectivity, that he placed reality far higher than the individual.

dual's subjective reason, and demanded of the latter that it recognize objective reality as reasonable. Hegel is not the prophet of subjective autonomy as Herr Jung asserts and as the Young German movement arbitrarily declares. Hegel's principle is also heteronomy: subordination of the subject to universal reason. And at times even, as for instance in the philosophy of religion, to universal unreason. What Hegel despised most was intellect—and what is that but reason fixed in its subjectivity and individuality? But Herr Jung will reply to me that he did not mean that, that he was talking only of *purely external authority*. He sees in Hegel nothing but the adjustment of both sides, and in his opinion the "modern" individual sees himself as conditioned only "by his own insight into the reasonableness of an objective." But then I ask him not to lump Hegel together with the Young Germans, whose essence is subjective arbitrariness, whims, and curiosities; for in that case "the modern individual" is only another expression for a Hegelian. With such limitless confusion Herr Jung must also look for the "modern" within the Hegelian School; and it is true that its left wing is more eminently fitted to fraternize with the Young Germans.

Finally, he comes to "modern" literature. Now he indulges in general recognition and praise. There is *no one* who has not done some good; *no one* who does not represent something notable; *no one* who is not responsible for some progress in literature. This everlasting indulgence in compliments, this eagerness to act the mediator, this mania to play the literary matchmaker and go-between, is intolerable. What does it matter to literature if this or that individual has a little talent or here and there accomplishes something, if in other respects he is worth nothing; if his whole direction, his literary character, and achievements taken as a whole are worthless? In literature an individual is not valuable for himself alone but in his relation to the whole. If I wanted to indulge in that kind of criticism, I would have to treat Herr Jung himself more gently, because there are possibly five pages in his book that are not badly written and betray some talent.

A stream of humorous expressions flow from Herr Jung's pen with great frivolity and a certain arrogance. Thus, speak-

ing of the severe criticism of Count Puekler, Jung is pleased that the critics "pronounced their judgments without regard for his person or his rank. This really shows the lofty, independent point of view of German criticism." What a poor opinion Herr Jung must have of the German nation, to praise such things so highly! As if heaven knows what courage was required to impugn the works of a count!

I pass over his chitchat which pretends to be literary history and which, apart from its emptiness and incoherence, is full of gaps: thus the poets Gruen, Lenau, Freiligrath, and Herwegh, and the playwrights Mosen, Klein, and others are missing. Finally he gets to the point which he was loath to relinquish from the very beginning; the Young Germany movement, which is to him the highest expression of the "modern." He begins with Boerne. In truth, however, Boerne's influence on the Young Germany movement was not very great. Mundt and Kuehne said that he was insane; Laube considered him too democratic; and only Gutzkow and Wienbarg were permanently influenced by him. Gutzkow in particular has much to thank Boerne for. Boerne's greatest influence on the nation was a quiet one. The people cherished his works like a shrine. In the difficult years from 1831-40 his books strengthened them and made them stand erect, until the true sons of Boerne arose among the new, philosophical Liberals. Without Boerne's direct and indirect influence, it would have been much harder to develop the free movement which stems from Hegel. But then it was simply a question of digging up the buried paths of thought between Hegel and Boerne, and that was not too difficult. For these two men were closer to each other than they seemed to be. Boerne's directness and healthy point of view represented the practical side of what Hegel proposed at least theoretically. Of course, Herr Jung does not understand that either. To him, Boerne is a rather respectable person, even a man of character, which under some circumstances is worth a good deal. He had undeniable merit —like Varnhagen and Puekler, for instance, he wrote good drama criticism. But he was a fanatic and a terrorist—and may God preserve us from the like! Shame on such a weak and cowardly characterization of a man who in his ideas

alone was a worthy representative of his age! This Jung who would like to build the Young Germany movement and even Gutzkow's personality on the basis of absolute concepts, is not even capable of understanding a character as simple as Boerne; he does not realize how even Boerne's most radical and extreme statements arose necessarily and logically from his inmost being, *that by nature Boerne was a republican*, and that for such a man the *Paris Letters* were certainly not written in too strong a vein. Or has Herr Jung never heard a citizen of Switzerland or the United States talk about monarchies? And who is going to reproach Boerne for "having considered life only from the point of view of politics"? Doesn't Hegel do the same? To Hegel, is not the State as it changes into world history, that is, in the relations of its domestic and foreign policies, the concrete reality of the absolute Spirit? And, absurdly enough, Herr Jung nevertheless believes that in Boerne's direct and naive point of view, broadened and completed by Hegel's ideas and often in surprising agreement with them, Boerne has "sketched a political system for the happiness of all peoples"; and that it is such an abstract cloud castle one has to interpret its one-sidedness and rough spots!

Herr Jung has no idea of Boerne's significance, his firm and resolute character, his determined will power; and the reason is that he himself is a petty, soft hearted, servile hail-fellow-well-met. He does not know that Boerne is a unique personality in German history : he does not know that Boerne was the standard-bearer of German liberty, the *only* one in Germany in his day. He does not realize what it means to stand up against forty million Germans and proclaim the kingdom of the *idea*; he cannot understand that Boerne was the John the Baptist of the new age, preaching repentance to the complacent Germans, preaching to them that the axe already lay at the root of the tree and that a Stronger One would come after him baptizing with fire and pitilessly sweeping the chaff from the floor of the barn. Herr Jung must also count himself as part of this chaff.

Finally Herr Jung comes to his precious Young Germany. He begins with a tolerable but much too detailed criticism of Heine. The others are then taken in order, first Laube,

Mundt and Kuehne, then Wienbarg who receives the homage due him, and lastly—for almost fifty pages—Gutzkow. The first three receive the usual middle-of-the-road treatment: much appreciation and very timorous fault finding; Wienbarg is singled out for praise but in barely four pages; and then comes Gutzkow. With shameless servility, he is made the spokesman of the “modern”; he builds according to the Hegelian scheme of concepts; and he is treated as a first-rate-personality.

If it were a younger writer just making his literary debut who emitted such judgments, one would let it pass: there are many who for a time had high hopes of the young literature and with an eye on the future judged its works with much more indulgence than they deserved. Specifically, whoever has reproduced the most recent stage of development of the German spirit in his own consciousness, will at one time or other have looked favourably on the works of Mundt, Laube, or Gutzkow. But since then, tremendous progress has been made beyond that movement, and the flimsiness of most of the Young Germans has been shockingly revealed.

Young Germany fought its way out of the unclarity of an animated period and remained saddled with this unclarity. Ideas which at that time still remained formless and undeveloped in men's minds, becoming conscious ideas through the intercession of philosophy, were used by Young Germany as a play of the imagination. Hence the indefiniteness and confusion of concepts which prevailed among the Young Germans themselves. Gutzkow and Wienbarg knew best what they wanted, Laube knew least. Mundt chased after social fads; Kuehne, somewhat influenced by Hegel, schematized and classified. But with the generally prevailing unclarity, nothing valid came to light. The concept of the right of sensuousness was, following Heine's example, understood in a crude and flat sense; liberal-political principles varied according to personalities; and the role of women gave rise to the most confused and fruitless discussions. No one knew where he stood with the others. The general confusion of the period must also be held accountable for disciplinary measures taken by various governments against these people. The fan-

tastic form in which their conceptions were spread could only contribute to increasing the state of confusion. By the brilliant exterior of their writings, by their witty, pungent, and lively style, by the secret mysticism which permeated their slogans, as well as by their regeneration of criticism and the livening up of the literary magazines they published, the Young German writers soon attracted a host of younger writers; and it was not long before every one of them, with the exception of Wienbarg, had his personal court. Old flabby literature yielded to this youthful drive, and "young literature" took possession of the field as a conqueror, divided the spoils—and then fell out over this division. Here the inadequacy of its principles became evident. Each one had misled the others. Principles disappeared, and only personalities remained. Gutzkow or Mundt, that was the question. The literary journals were filled with accounts of cliques, cavilings, and quarrels over nothing at all.

The easy victory had made the young gentlemen vain and overconfident. They considered themselves world historic figures. Whenever a young writer appeared, a pistol was immediately levelled at his breast and unconditional surrender demanded of him. Everyone laid claims to being the exclusive god of literature. Thou shalt have no other gods before me! The slightest reproach aroused mortal enmity. In this fashion the movement lost all the spiritual content it originally possessed and degenerated into pure scandal, culminating in Heine's book on Boerne, and indulged in mean slanders. Of the individual figures, Wienberg is unquestionably the noblest: a whole man, a person of strength, a statue formed of a single mould of brilliant clay without a blemish on it. Gutzkow is the clearest and most intelligent: he produced the most and, together with Wienberg, gave the most clear-cut evidence of his attitude. In the field of the drama, he constantly sought to write better, more thoughtful plays than he had previously written. And he wrote in the real, not the "modern," spirit of the times. We demand more content than the liberal phrases of a Patkul or the weak sensibility of a Werner. Where Gutzkow is very talented is in journalism: he is a born journalist but he can continue with only one method: if he exploits

the newest developments in religion and the philosophy of the state and unconditionally devotes his "telegrams" which, it seems, he would like to revive, to the great movements of the times. But if he allows a degenerate kind of "arty" literature to become his master, he will be no better than the ordinary run of popular magazines, neither fish nor flesh. Crammed with boring stories, they are scarcely readable; and they have sunk lower than ever in the opinion of the reading public. Their time is past: slowly but surely they are turning into political publications which are still able to turn out a little bit of good literature.

Laube, with all his bad characteristics, is still rather amiable: but his disorderly unprincipled writing—today novels, tomorrow literary histories, the day after tomorrow plays and critical essays—and his vanity and monotony get the better of him. Like Kuehne, he is lacking in the spirit of freedom. The "tendencies" of the former "young literature" have long been forgotten; an abstract empty interest in literature has claimed both of them. On the other hand, indifference in Heine and Mundt has become open apostasy. Heine's book on Boerne is the vilest ever written in the German language; Mundt's latest activity in the *Pilot* deprives the author of *Madonna* of the last semblance of respect in the eyes of the nation. Here in Berlin it is only too well known what Herr Mundt is aiming at with such self-debasement: namely, a professorship. Hence this sudden revelation of obsequiousness in Herr Mundt is all the more disgusting. Let Mundt and his armour bearer, F. Radewell, go on casting suspicion on the newer philosophy and clinging to the sheet anchor of Schelling's revelation—they only make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the nation by their absurd attempts to philosophize. Free philosophy can calmly allow their philosophical school-room exercises to be published, without attempting to refute them. They disintegrate of themselves. Whatever bears the name of Herr Mundt on its brow is, like the works of Heinrich Leo, branded with the mark of apostasy. Perhaps he will soon have in Herr Jung another spiritual

descendant: the ground has already been well prepared, as we have seen and will see in the future.

Frederick Engels, Book Review of *Vorlesungen ueber die moderne Literatur der Deutschen* by Alexander Jung, Danzig, 1842, in MEGA, 1842, Part I, Vol. 2, pp. 323-31.

"Young Germany"

The political movement of the middle class or bourgeoisie, in Germany, may be dated from 1840. It had been preceded by symptoms showing that the moneyed and industrial class of that country was ripening into a state which would no longer allow it to continue apathetic and passive under the pressure of a half-feudal, half-bureaucratic monarchism. The smaller princes of Germany, partly to insure to themselves a greater independence against the supremacy of Austria and Prussia, or against the influence of the nobility of their own states, partly in order to consolidate into a whole the disconnected provinces united under their rule by the Congress of Vienna, one after the other granted constitutions of a more or less liberal character. They could do so without any danger to themselves; for if the Diet of the Confederation, this mere puppet of Austria and Prussia, was to encroach upon their independence as sovereigns, they knew that in resisting its dictates they would be backed by public opinion and the Chambers; and if, on the contrary, these Chambers grew too strong, they could readily command the power of the Diet to break down all opposition. The Bavarian, Wuertemberg, Baden or Hanoverian Constitutional institutions could not, under such circumstances, give rise to any serious struggle for political power and, therefore, the great bulk of the German middle class kept very generally aloof from the petty squabbles raised in the Legislatures of the small states, well knowing that without a fundamental change in the policy and constitution of the two great powers of Germany, no secondary efforts and victories would be of any avail. But, at the same time, a race of liberal lawyers, professional opposition-

ists, sprung up in these small assemblies: the Rottecks, the Welckers, the Roemers, the Jordans, the Stuves, the Eisenmanns, those great "popular men" (*Volksmanner*) who, after a more or less noisy, but always unsuccessful, opposition of twenty years, were carried to the summit of power by the revolutionary springtide of 1848, and who, after having there shown their utter impotency and insignificance, were hurled down again in a moment. These first specimens upon German soil of the trader in politics and opposition, by their speeches and writings, made familiar to the German ear the language of Constitutionalism, and by their very existence foreboded the approach of a time when the middle class would seize upon and restore to their proper meaning political phrases which these talkative attorneys and professors were in the habit of using without knowing much about the sense originally attached to them.

German literature, too, laboured under the influence of the political excitement into which all Europe had been thrown by the events of 1830. A crude Constitutionalism, or a still cruder Republicanism, were preached by almost all writers of the time. It became more and more the habit, particularly of the inferior sorts of literati, to make up for the want of cleverness in their productions, by political allusions which were sure to attract attention. Poetry, novels, reviews, the drama, every literary production teemed with what was called "tendency", that is with more or less timid exhibitions of an anti-governmental spirit. In order to complete the confusion of ideas reigning after 1830 in Germany, with these elements of political opposition there were mixed up ill-digested university-recollections of German philosophy, and misunderstood gleanings from French socialism, particularly Saint-Simonism; and the clique of writers who expatiated upon this heterogeneous conglomerate of ideas, presumptuously called themselves "Young Germany," or "the Modern School." They have since repented their youthful sins, but not improved their style of writing.

Philistine Romanticism

"An otherwise very liberal-minded man in Nuremberg, not at all averse to the New, burned with deep-seated hatred against the democratic movement. He revered Ronge and hung up Ronge's picture in his room. But when he heard that Ronge had joined the Democrats, he hung the picture in the toilet. He said once: O if we only lived under the Russian knout, how happy I would feel! During the disturbances he died, and I imagine that, although he was old, chagrin and fear over the course of events hastened him to his grave." (Vol. II, pp. 321-322.)

If this wretched little philistine from Nuremberg, instead of dying, had compiled nuggets of wisdom from the *Korrespondent von und fuer Deutschland*, from Goethe and Schiller, from old schoolbooks and new lending-library materials, he would have avoided death and saved Herr Daumer the trouble of publishing his two soberly edited volumes of constructive aphorisms. But then of course we would not have had the edifying opportunity of becoming acquainted with the religion of the new age as well as with its first martyr.

Daumer's work is divided into two sections: a "preliminary" part and the "body" of the work. In the preliminary portion, the faithful Eckardt of German philosophy expresses his distress at the fact that for two years even thinking and cultured Germans have been misled into giving up their priceless heritage of thought in exchange for merely "external" revolutionary activity. He considers the present a fitting moment in which to appeal once again to the better sentiments of the nation: he shows what it means so frivolously to neglect all German culture, which alone made the German citizen what he is. He assembles the essence of German culture in the most telling maxims offered by the treasure chest of his wide reading, thus compromising this German culture no less than German philosophy. His anthology of the noblest products of the German spirit exceeds in banality and triviality even the most ordinary reader for girls of good family. From the philistine outbursts of Goethe and Schiller against the Great French Revolution, from the classic: "It is dangerous to

awaken the lion," down to the most recent literature, our high priest of the new religion assiduously tracks down every passage in which German pedantry stiffens with drowsy displeasure against any historical movements it dislikes. Authorities of the calibre of a Friedrich Raumer, Berthold Auerbach, Lochren, Moritz Carriere, Alfred Meissner, Krug, Dingelstedt, Ronge, the *Nuremberg Messenger*, Max Waldau, Sternberg, German Maeurer, Louis Aston, Eckermann, Noak, *Magazine for Literary Conversation*, A. Kunze, Ghillany, Th. Mundt, Saphir, Gutzkow, etc., are the pillars on which the temple of the new religion is built.

To Daumer the revolutionary movement against which anathema is here expressed in many voices, is limited on the one hand to the most prosaic sort of cannon fire, as is the order of the day in Nuremberg, under the auspices of the *Korrespondent von und fuer Deutschland*; and on the other hand, to excesses of the masses, of which Herr Daumer has a most fantastic conception. The sources from which he culls his information fit in nicely with the above-named: besides the oftmentioned Nuremberg *Korrespondent*, there are the *Bamberger Zeitung*, the *Muenchner Landbotin*, the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, etc.

These vulgar philistines always look upon the proletarians as nothing but a vile, degenerate rabble; and during the June massacres in Paris in 1848, in which over three thousand of this rabble were butchered, they rubbed their hands in contentment. Yet they wax indignant over any sarcasm directed at smug societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. "The horrible tortures," exclaims Herr Daumer on page 293, Vol. I, "which unfortunate animals suffer at man's terribly tyrannical hand, are all 'stuff and nonsense' to these barbarians, about which people should not worry!" All the class struggles of modern times appear to Herr Daumer as merely a struggle of "crudeness" against "culture." Instead of explaining them on the basis of the historic conditions of these classes, he finds their origin in the demagogic agitation of a few evil-minded spirits who stir up the base resentments of the masses against the cultured classes. "This democratic reformism provokes the envy, wrath, and rapacity of the lower

classes of society against the higher classes; a fine way to make men nobler and better and to achieve a higher level of culture." (Vol I, p. 289.) Herr Daumer does not even recognize the struggles of "the lower classes of society against the higher classes" as having contributed to the attainment of a Nuremberg "level of culture" and as having made possible a dragon tamer *a la* Daumer.

The second part, or "body," of the work contains the positive side of the new religion. Here is expressed all the annoyance of the German philosopher at the oblivion into which his struggles against Christianity have fallen at the indifference of the people to religion, the only object worthy of a philosopher's contemplation. In order to restore his handiwork, sidetracked by competition, to a place of honour, our philosopher, having brayed sufficiently against the old religion, can only proceed to invent a new religion. But this new religion is limited, in the course of the first part of this work, to an anthology of aphorisms, album poems, and memorial verses of German philistine culture. The chapters of the new Koran are nothing but a series of empty phrases in which existing conditions in Germany are morally glossed over and poetically decked out, phrases which have grown up together with the old religion, although they have sloughed off a directly religious form.

"Wholly new conditions and relations in the world can only arise through new religions. As proofs and examples of the power of religions, we may point to Christianity and Islam; and the movements initiated in 1848 serve as very clear and palpable evidence of the futility and impotence from which abstract, exclusive politics suffers." (Vol. I, p. 313)

In this significant sentence we immediately encounter the shallowness and ignorance of the German "thinker" who mistakes the petty German and, specifically, Bavarian "March achievements" for the European revolutionary movement of 1848-49; and who demands from the first and quite superficial outbreaks a great revolution, gradually working up to a concentrated climax and producing "wholly new conditions and

relations in the world." To philosopher Daumer, the entire complicated social struggle, the first skirmishes of which have broken out in the past two years from Paris to Debrecen and Berlin to Palermo, is limited to the following: "In January 1849, the hopes of the constitutional societies of Erlangen were adjourned *sine die*," (Vol. I, P. 312) and to the fear of a new struggle which may once again unpleasantly frighten Herr Daumer as he is busy with Hafiz, Mohammed, and Berthold Auerbach.

This same shameless superficiality makes it possible for Herr Daumer to ignore totally the fact that the complete break-up of "world conditions" in antiquity originated in Christianity and that Christianity was simply its expression; that "entirely new conditions in the world" did not arise from within Christianity but only when the Huns and Germans "assailed from without the corpse of the Roman Empire"; and that after the Germanic invasions the "new conditions in the world" were not created in accordance with Christianity but Christianity itself, at every new phase in these world conditions, likewise changed. In fact, let Herr Daumer cite us one example in which old conditions were changed with the advent of a new religion, without at the same time the most violent "external and abstractly political" convulsions taking place.

It is clear that with every great historical transformation in social conditions, men's views and conceptions are likewise transformed, and with them their religious conceptions. But the difference between the present transformation and all previous ones lies in the fact that we have finally penetrated the secret of this historic process of transformation and therefore, instead of again deifying this practical "external" process in the gushing form of a new religion, we have sloughed off all religion.

After the gentle lessons in morality of the new philosophy, which even surpasses Knigge in that it contains precepts about conduct toward animals as well as toward human beings—after the Wisdom of Solomon, comes the Song of Songs of the new Solomon.

"Nature and woman are the truly divine in the distinction between Mankind and Man . . . Devotion of the human being to nature, of the masculine to the feminine is the real and only true humility and self-renunciation; the loftiest, yes, the only virtue and piety there is." (Vol. II, p. 257.)

We see here how the bland ignorance of the speculating founder of a new religion has turned into very pronounced cowardice. Herr Daumer flees from the historic tragedy which comes menacingly close to him, ostensibly to nature—in reality to a stupid peasant's idyll, and preaches the cult of woman in order to cover up his own feminine resignation.

Herr Daumer's cult of nature is, moreover, a peculiar one. He has succeeded in opposing even Christianity in a reactionary manner. He tries to develop the old pre-Christian religion of nature in modernized form. The result, of course, is nothing but a Christian-German-patriarchal drivel about nature, expressed for example in the following terms :

*Sweet, hallowed nature
Let me walk in your traces,
Guide me with your hand
Like a child on leading strings.*

"Such poetry has gone out of fashion; but not to the advantage of culture, progress, and human happiness." (Vol. II, p. 157.)

The cult of nature is limited, as we see, to Sunday walks by a suburbanite who expresses childish amazement at the fact that the cuckoo lays its eggs in strange nests (Vol. II, p. 40), that tears have the faculty of keeping the surface of the eyes wet (Vol. II, p. 73), etc.; and who finally recites Klopstock's *Ode to Spring* to his children with reverent awe (Vol. II, p. 23ff.). Naturally, there is not a word about modern natural science, which in connection with modern industry has revolutionized all nature and has put an end to man's childish attitude toward nature as well as to other childish pursuits. Instead we get mysterious allusions and astounding philistine notions about Nostradamus' prophecies, the second

sight of the Scots and animal magnetism. Moreover, it is high time that Bavaria's backward farm economy, which has nourished both the priests and the Daumers, be replaced by modern agriculture and uprooted by modern machines.

With the cult of woman it is exactly the same story as with the cult of nature. Naturally, Herr Daumer does not say a word about the present position of women in society; on the contrary he merely deals with woman as such. He tries to console women for their bourgeois wretchedness by offering them an empty but mystic sounding cult of phrases. Thus he consoles them over the fact that their talents end with marriage, when they get busy having children (Vol. II, p. 237), by pointing out that they are able to nurse children even until their sixtieth year. (Vol. II, p. 224.) Herr Daumer calls this "devotion of the masculine to the feminine." And to find in his country the ideal women required for his masculine devotion, he is forced to take refuge in various aristocratic ladies of the previous century. So the cult of woman is again reduced to a suppressed literary relationship with revered patronesses—Wilhelm Meister.

That "culture," the decay of which evokes jeremiads from Herr Daumer, is the culture of the period in which Nuremberg flourished as a Free City; in which Nuremberg industry, that halfway house between art and handicrafts, played an important part; the culture of the German petty-bourgeoisie which is declining with that petty-bourgeoisie. If the decline of earlier classes, such as the medieval knights, provided the raw material for magnificent and tragic works of art, that of the petty-bourgeoisie characteristically gives rise to nothing but impotent expressions of fanatical ill will and a collection of Sancho Panzaesque saws and maxims. Herr Daumer is the dry, humourless continuation of Hans Sachs. German philosophy, wringing its hands and shrieking with woe at the dying bed of its nourisher, German philistinism—that is the touching picture unfolded before us by the new religion of the new age.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, Book Review on *Die Religion des neuen Weltalters* by G. F. Daumer, Hamburg, 1850, in Franz Mehring, ed., *Literarischer Nachlass*, Vol. III, pp. 399-404.

Reaction in the French Theatre

Victor Hugo came, Alexander Dumas came, and the herd of their imitators with them; the monstrosity of the Iphigenies and Athalies gave way to the monstrosity of a Lucretia Borgia, torpor was followed by a hot fever; it was proved that the French classicists plagiarized the ancients—and along comes Mademoiselle Rachel and all is forgotten, Hugo and Dumas, Lucretia Borgia, and the plagiarisms; Phedre and the Cid march across the stage with measured tread, reciting well-turned Alexandrines, Achilles parades his allusions to the Great Louis, and Ruy Blas and Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle scarcely dare to venture out of the wings to take refuge immediately in the German translation factories and in the German national theatres. It must be a blessed feeling for a legitimist, watching the plays of Racine, to forget the Revolution, Napoleon, and the great week; the glory of the *ancien régime* arises out of the earth, the world covers itself with thick-piled carpets, in periwig and brocades Louis the absolute promenades along the landscaped avenues of Versailles, and the omnipotent fan of a mistress rules a happy court and an unhappy France.

Frederick Engels, "Retrograde Zeichen der Zeit," MEGA, Part I, Vol. 2, pp. 64-65.

On Heine

Now I have Heine's three volumes at home. Among other things he tells in detail the lie that I and others comforted him when he was "attacked" in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* on the ground that he had received money from Louis Philippe. Good old Heine purposely forgets that my intervention on his behalf occurred at the end of 1843; thus it could not have any connection with facts that came to light after the February Revolution of 1848. But let it pass. In

the anxiety of a guilty conscience, for the old dog has a fabulous memory for all such stuff, he is trying to flatter me.

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Jan. 17, 1855, *MEGA*, Part III, Vol 2, p. 73.

By the way! I've seen Heine's will! Return to the "living God" and an "Apology to God and Men" if he had ever written anything "immoral"!

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, May 8, 1856, *MEGA*, Part III, Vol. 2, p. 135.

The old Horace reminds me of places in Heine, who learned a great deal from him; and like Horace, he too was at bottom a cur in a political sense. Just think of the old boy who challenged the *vultus instantis tyranni* [the threatening glance of the angry tyrant] and then crawled at Augustus' feet. Yet in other respects the old wretch is very lovable.

Frederick Engels, Letter to Karl Marx, Dec. 21, 1866, *MEGA*, Part III, Vol. 3, p. 371.

Just as in France in the eighteenth century, so in Germany in the nine^eenth, a philosophical revolution ushered in the political collapse. But how different the two appeared! The French were in open combat against all official science, against the Church and often also against the State; their writings were printed across the frontier, in England or Holland, while they themselves were often in jeopardy of imprisonment in the Bastille. On the other hand, the Germans were professors, state-appointed instructors of youth; their writings were recognized textbooks, and the culminating system of the whole development—the Hegelian system—was even

raised, in some degree, to the rank of a royal Prussian philosophy of state! Was it possible that a revolution could hide behind these professors, behind their obscure, pedantic phrases, their wearisome, ponderous sentences? Were not precisely those people who were then regarded as the representatives of the revolution, the liberals, the bitterest opponents of this brain-confusing philosophy? But what neither the government nor the liberals were able to see was seen at least by one man as early as 1833, and this man was indeed none other than Heinrich Heine.

Frederick Engels, *Ludwig Feuerbach*, p. 9.

Henry Heine, the most eminent of all living German poets, has joined our ranks, and published a volume of political poetry, which contains also some pieces preaching Socialism. He is the author of the celebrated *Song of the Silesian Weavers*, of which I give you a prosaic translation, but which, I am afraid, will be considered blasphemy in England. At any rate, I will give it you, and only remark, that it refers to the battle cry of the Prussians in 1813:— “With God for King and Fatherland!” which has been ever since a favourite saying of the loyal party.

Frederick Engels, “Communism in Germany,” MEGA, Part I, Vol. 4, p. 341. (Originally written in English.)

Georg Weerth

APPRENTICE'S SONG BY GEORG WEERTH, 1846

*Around the cherry blossoms
We found a place to stay,
Around the cherry blossoms
In Frankfurt once we stayed.*

The innkeeper did say:
"You're wearing shabby coats!"
"You lousy innkeeper,"
'Tis none of your affair!

"Give us some of your wine,
Give us some of your beer;
Give us both beer and wine
And roast some meat for us."

Then the tap creaks in the barrel.
The goodly beer flows out.
It tastes in our mouth
Like urine—just about.

He brought us then a rabbit
With parsley leaves and cabbage;
Before this dead rabbit
We trembled with great fear.

And when we were in bed
Our prayers said for the night,
The bedbugs came at us
The whole night through.

That happened once in Frankfurt,
In lovely Frankfurt town,
He knows it who has lived there
And who has even suffered there.

I have found this poem by our friend Weerth among the literary remains of Marx. Weerth, the first and most important poet of the German proletariat, was born in Detmold of a Rhineland family. His father was a church superintendent there. When I settled in Manchester in 1843, Weerth came to Bradford as salesman of a German firm, and we spent many a pleasant Sunday together. In 1845, when Marx and I lived in Brussels, Weerth took over the continental agency for his firm and arranged things so that his main office was also in Brussels. After the March Revolution of 1848, we were all together in Cologne where we founded the *Neue Rheinische*

Zeitung. Weerth became the *feuilleton* writer, and I doubt whether any other paper ever had as gay and incisive a *feuilleton*. One of his chief works was "The Life and Deeds of the Famous Knight Schnapphahnski," describing the adventures of Prince Lichnowski, dubbed thus by Heine in his *Atta Troll*. All the facts are genuine—how we got them will perhaps be told some other time. These Schnapphahnski *feuilletons* were collected into a volume and published in 1849 by Hoffman and Campe. They are still very amusing. Schnapphahnski-Lichnowski met his death on September 18, 1848, in the following manner: with the Prussian General von Auerswald (likewise a member of Parliament), he rode out with a column of peasants to spy on the Frankfurt barricade fighters. The peasants killed both him and von Auerswald as spies, a fate they deserved. But then the German imperial vice-regency filed charges against Weerth for having insulted the dead Lichnowski. Weerth, who had long been in England, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, long after the editorial board of the *Neue Rheinsche Zeitung* had ceased to be. Since he had to visit Germany on business from time to time, he "sat" for these three months.

In 1850-51, he travelled to Spain, the West Indies, and throughout most of South America as representative of another Bradford firm. After a brief visit to Europe he returned to his beloved West Indies. There he could not forgo the pleasure of gazing at least once upon the real original of Louis Napoleon III, the Negro King Soulouque of Haiti. But, as Wilhelm Wolff wrote to Marx on August 28, 1856, he "had difficulties with the quarantine authorities, had to give up his project, and on his tour picked up the germs of yellow fever, which he brought with him to Havana. He got into bed, suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and, on July 30, our Weerth died in Havana."

I called him the first and *most important* poet of the German proletariat. In fact, his socialist and political poems are far superior to Freiligrath's in originality, wit, and particularly in sensuous fire. He often used Heine-like forms, but clothed them with very original and personal content. And he differed from most poets in the fact that once he wrote

his poems he was completely indifferent to them. If he sent a copy of a poem to Marx or myself, he let it go at that; and often it took much persuading on our part to have him publish it somewhere. Only during the life of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* did he behave differently. The reason why is contained in the following excerpt of a letter from Weerth to Marx (dated Hamburg, April 28, 1851):

"Besides, I hope to see you again in London at the beginning of July, for I can't stand these grasshoppers in Hamburg any longer. I am threatened here with a brilliant livelihood, but I am fearful of it. Anyone would grab it with both hands. But I'm too old to become a philistine, and beyond the ocean lies the Far West . . .

"I have written all sorts of things in the last period, but finished nothing, for I see no purpose, no end in my scribbling. When you write something about political economy, it has meaning and sense. I? To make poor puns and bad jokes for the sake of a silly smile from our grotesque countrymen—really, I know of nothing more wretched! My writing activity definitely came to an end with the *Neue Rhenische Zeitung*.

"I must confess: no matter how sorry I feel that I have wasted away the last three years doing nothing, yet I'm happy when I think of our paper in Cologne. We did not compromise ourselves. That's the main thing! Since Frederick the Great no one has treated the German people so sharply as we did in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*.

"I won't say that it was my work; but I was there....

"O Portugal! O Spain! (W. has just arrived there.) If we only had your bright skies, your wine, your oranges and myrtle! But we haven't that either! Nothing but rain and long noses and smoked meat!

"In the rain and with a long nose, your

"Georg Weerth"

In one thing Weerth was a master, excelling Heine (because he was healthier and less artificial) and surpassed in the German language by Goethe alone: that was in expressing

natural robust sensuousness and the joys of the flesh. Many readers of the *Sozialdemokrat* would be horrified, were I to reprint in it individual feuillets of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. But I haven't the slightest intention of doing so. Yet I cannot refrain from pointing out that there will come a time when German Socialists too will triumphantly get rid of the last traces of German philistine prejudices and hypocritical moral prudery—and anyhow, they only serve as a cover for surreptitious obscenity. Read Freiligrath's "Espistles," for instance—you would really think people had no sexual organs. And yet nobody was more delighted with a quiet bit of smut than Freiligrath, who is so ultrachaste in his poetry. It is high time that at least the German workers get accustomed to speaking in a free and easy manner about things they themselves do every day or night. They are natural, inevitable, and highly pleasant things—as witness the peoples of Rome, Homer and Plato, Horace and Juvenal, the Old Testament, and the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*.

Moreover, Weerth has also written less obnoxious things, and I am going to take the liberty from time to time of sending some of these pieces to the feuilleton of the *Sozialdemokrat*.

Frederick Engels, "Georg Weerth," *Der Sozialdemocrat*,
Zurich, June 7, 1883.

Political Folk-Songs

As for poetry:

The *Marseillaise* of the Peasants' War was: *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and although both words and melody of this song breathe confidence in victory, today we cannot and do not interpret it in this sense. Other songs of the period can be found in collections of folk-songs like "*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*" [*The Boy's Magic Horn*] and others. A few good ones may be found there. But even at that early date the *Landsknecht* [mercenary soldier] had already laid rough hands on our popular poetry.

Of non-German songs I know only the old Danish song of Herr Tidnmann, which I translated in 1865 in the Berlin *Sozialdemokrat*.

There are all kinds of Chartist songs, but no longer available at present. One begins:

*Britannia's sons, though slaves you be,
God your creator made you free.
To all he life and freedom gave
But never, never, made a slave.*

I don't know of any others. All that has disappeared. Besides, that poetry was not worth much.

In 1848, there were two popular songs to the same tune :

1. *Schleswig-Holstein*
2. *Das Heckerlied* [Song of Hecker]

*Hecker, loud your name resounds
All along the German Rhine.
Your generosity, your eyes alone
Inspire our confidence.
Hecker, as a German man
You knew how to die for freedom.*

I think that is enough. Then there is a variation :

*Hecker, Struve, Blenker, Zitz and Blum
Kill the German princes!*

Anyhow, this poetry of past revolutions (with the exception of the *Marseillaise*) seldom has a revolutionary impact in later periods, because in order to affect the masses it must also give the mass prejudices of the period. Hence the religious nonsense among the Chartists....

Frederick Engels, Letter to Hermann Schlueter, May 15, 1885.
Original in Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, Moscow.

On Bentham

But this prejudice was first established as a dogma by the arch-philistine, Jeremy Bentham, that insipid, pedantic, leather-tongued oracle of the ordinary bourgeois intelligence of the nineteenth century. Bentham is among philosophers what Martin Tupper is among poets.

Bentham is a purely English phenomenon. Not even excepting our philosopher, Christian Wolf, in no time and in no country has the most homespun commonplace ever strutted about in so self-satisfied a way. The principle of utility was no discovery of Bentham. He simply reproduced in his dull way what Helvetius and other Frenchmen had said with *esprit* in the eighteenth century. To know what is useful for a dog, one must study dog-nature. This nature itself is not to be deduced from the principle of utility. Applying this to man, he that would criticise all human acts, movements, relations, etc., by the principle of utility, must first deal with human nature in general, and then with human nature as modified in each historical epoch. Bentham makes short work of it. With the driest naivete, he takes the modern shopkeeper, especially the English shopkeeper, as the normal man. Whatever is useful to this queer normal man, and to his world, is absolutely useful. This yard-measure, then, he applies to past, present, and future. The Christian religion, e.g., is "useful", because it forbids in the name of religion the same faults that the penal code condemns in the name of the law. Artistic criticism is "harmful," because it disturbs worthy people in their enjoyment of Martin Tupper, etc. With such rubbish has the brave fellow, with his motto, "*nulla dies sine linea*," piled up mountains of books. Had I the courage of my friend, Heinrich Heine, I should call Mr. Jeremy a genius in the way of bourgeois stupidity.

Karl Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I, p. 622.

The English Proletariat and Literature

And in how great a measure the English proletariat has succeeded in attaining independent education is shown especially by the fact that the epoch-making products of modern philosophical, political, and poetical literature are read by working men almost exclusively. The bourgeois, enslaved by social conditions and the prejudices involved in them, trembles, blesses, and crosses himself before everything which really paves the way for progress; the proletarian has open eyes for it, and studies it with pleasure and success. In this respect the Socialists, especially, have done wonders for the education of the proletariat. They have translated the French materialists, Helvetius, Holbach, Diderot, etc., and disseminated them, with the best English works, in cheap editions. Strauss' *Life of Jesus* and Proudhon's *Property* also circulate among the working men only. Shelley, the genius, the prophet, Shelley, and Byron, with his glowing sensuality and his bitter satire upon our existing society, find most of their readers in the proletariat; the bourgeoisie owns only castrated editions, family editions, cut down in accordance with the hypocritical morality of today. The two great practical philosophers of latest date, Bentham and Godwin, are, especially the latter, almost exclusively the property of the proletariat; for though Bentham has a school within the Radical bourgeoisie, it is only the proletariat and the Socialists who have succeeded in developing his teachings a step forward. The proletariat has formed upon this basis a literature, which consists chiefly of journals and pamphlets, and is far in advance of the whole bourgeois literature in intrinsic worth.

Frederick Engels, *Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*, pp. 239-40.

On Thomas Hood

Thomas Hood, the most talented of all the English humorists now living, and, like all humorists, full of human feeling, but wanting in mental energy, published at the beginning of 1844 a beautiful poem, "The Song of the Shirt," which drew sympathetic but unavailing tears from the eyes of the daughters of the bourgeoisie. Originally published in *Punch*, it made the round of all the papers. As discussions of the condition of the sewing women filled all the papers at the time, special extracts are needless.

Frederick Engels, *Condition of the Working Class in England* in 1844, p. 211.

On Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle is the only English writer on whom German literature has exerted a direct and very considerable influence. So if only for the sake of politeness, a German cannot allow his writings to go unnoticed.

In the newest book by Guizot, we have seen how the capabilities of the bourgeoisie are on the decline. In the above-named two pamphlets by Carlyle, we witness the decline of literary genius in the present sharpening historic struggles, against which Carlyle seeks to pit his misunderstood, immediate, prophetic inspirations.

Thomas Carlyle has the merit of having opposed the bourgeoisie in literature at a time when official English literature was completely dominated by bourgeois attitudes, tastes, and ideas; and in a manner which at moments was even revolutionary. Thus, in his history of the French Revolution, in his apology for Cromwell, in his pamphlet on Chartism, in *Past and Present*. But in all these writings, criticism of the present is closely bound up with a curiously unhistorical glorification of the Middle Ages, something that frequently occurs with English revolutionaries, as for example, Cob-

bett and some of the Chartists. While in the past he admires at least the classic epochs of a definite phase of social development, the present bring him to despair—and he is terrified of the future. Where he pays tribute to the revolution or even glorifies it, is concentrated for him in a single individual, a Cromwell or a Danton. He devotes to them the same hero-worship which he heralded in his *Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship* as the only way out of the despair-ridden present, as a new religion.

As with Carlyle's ideas, so with his style. It is a direct and violent reaction against the modern bourgeois English Pecksniff style, whose stilted superficiality, circumspect verbosity, and confused moral-sentimental tediousness has spread from its original inventors, the educated Cockneys, over all English literature. By contrast, Carlyle handles the English language as if it were completely raw material which he has to recast from the ground up. Archaic words and expressions are revived and new ones invented in the German manner, particularly in the manner of Jean-Paul Richter. This new style was often overinflated and tasteless, but at times brilliant and always original. Here too the *Latter Day Pamphlets* show a notable step backward.

Moreover, it is significant that in all German literature the person who has had most influence on Carlyle is not Hegel but the literary apothecary, Jean-Paul.

In the above-named pamphlets, genius has disappeared from the cult of genius which Carlyle shares with Strauss. Only the cult has remained.

The Present Time begins with a statement that the present is the daughter of the past and the mother of the future, but that in any case it marks a new era.

The first manifestation of this new era is a reforming Pope. Bible in hand, Pius IX sought to proclaim "the law of truth" from the Vatican to Christendom.

"More than three hundred years ago, the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic order, registered in Heaven's chancery and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away—to begone,

and let us have no more to do with it and its delusions and impious deliriums—and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its own foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men; honestly to die, and get itself buried. Far from this was the thing the poor Pope undertook in regard to it—and yet, on the while, it was essentially this too. ‘Reforming Pope?’ ‘Turgot and Necker were nothing to this. God is great; and when a scandal is to end, brings some devoted man to take charge of it in hope, not in despair!’ ”*

With his manifestoes on reform, the Pope stirred up questions.

“Mothers of the whirlwinds, conflagrations, earthquakes. . . . Questions which all official men wished, and almost hoped, to postpone till Doomsday. Doomsday itself *had* come; that was the terrible truth!” (p. 263.)

The law of truth was proclaimed.

“The Sicilians, I think, were the first notable body that set about applying this new strange rule sanctioned by the general Father; they said to themselves, We do not by the law of veracity belong to Naples and these Neapolitan Officials; we will, by favour of Heaven and the Pope, be free of these.” (p. 264.)

Hence the Sicilian Revolution.

The French people, who consider themselves “a kind of messianic people,” “the chosen soldiers of liberty,” feared that the poor despised Sicilians might take from them their own branch of trade: the February Revolution.

“....As if by sympathetic subterranean electricities, all Europe exploded, boundless, uncontrollable; and we had the year 1848, one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and,

*The Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle, New York, pp. 262-63.

on the whole, humiliating years the European world ever saw.... Kings everywhere, and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, 'Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites, histrios not heroes! Off with you, off!'—and, what was peculiar and notable in this year for the first time, the Kings all made to go, as if exclaiming, 'We are poor histrios, we sure enough—did you want heroes? Don't kill us; we couldn't help it!' Not one of them turned round, and stood upon his Kingship, as upon a right he could afford to die for, or to risk his skin upon; by no manner of means. That, I say, is the alarming peculiarity at present. Democracy, on this new occasion, finds all Kings *conscious* that they are but Play-actors. The miserable mortals, enacting their High Life Below Stairs, with faith only that this Universe may perhaps be all a phantasm and hypocrisy—the truculent Constable of the Destinies suddenly enters: 'Scandalous Phantasms, what do *you* here? Are 'solemnly constituted Imposters' the proper Kings of men? Did you think the Life of Man was a grimacing dance of apes? To be led always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable, this Universe is not an upholstery Puppet-play, but a terrible God's Fact; and you, I think—had not you better begone!' They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy—in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves; and open 'kinglessness', what we call *anarchy*—how happy if it be anarchy *plus* a street-constable!—is everywhere the order of the day. Such was the history, from Baltic to Mediterranean, in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, from end to end of Europe, in those March days of 1848. Since the destruction of the old Roman Empire by inroad of the Northern Barbarians, I have known nothing similar.

"And so, then, there remained no King in Europe; no King except the Public Haranguer, haranguing on barrel-head, in leading article; or getting himself aggregated into a National Parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-ridden by every species of delirium, except happily the murderous

for most part, was a weltering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine, at the Hotel-de-Ville; a most eloquent, fair-spoken literary gentleman, whom thoughtless persons took for a prophet, priest and heaven-sent evangelist, and whom a wise Yankee friend of mine discerned to be properly 'the first stump-orator in the world, standing too on the highest stump—for the time'. A sorrowful spectacle to men of reflection, during the time he lasted, that poor M. de Lamartine; with nothing in him but melodious wind and soft sawder, which he and others took for something divine and not diabolic! Sad enough; the eloquent latest impersonation of Chaos-come-again; able to talk for itself, and declare persuasively that it is Cosmos! However, you have but to wait a little, in such cases; all balloons do and must give up their gas in the pressure of things, and are collapsed in a sufficiently wretched manner before long." (pp. 265-66.)

Who was it that incited this general revolution, all the ingredients of which were undoubtedly at hand?

"Students, young men of letters, advocates, editors, hot inexperienced enthusiasts, or fierce and justly bankrupt desperadoes, acting everywhere on the discontent of the millions and blowing it into flame—might give rise to reflection as to the character of our epoch. Never till now did young men, and almost children, take such a command in human affairs. A changed time since the word *Senior* (*Seigneur*, or *Elder*) was first devised to signify 'lord', or superior—as in all languages of men we find it to have been!.... Looking more closely, also, you will find that in fact he has ceased to be venerable, and has begun to be contemptible; a foolish boy still, a boy without the grace, generosities and opulent strength of young boys. In these days, what of *lordship*, or leadership is still to be done, the youth must do it, not mature or aged man; the mature man, hardened into sceptical egoism, knows no monition but that of his own frigid cautions, avarices, mean timidities; and can lead no-whither towards an object that even seems noble. But to return.

"This mad state of matters will of course before long allay

itself, as it has everywhere begun to do; the ordinary necessities of men's daily existence cannot comport with it, and these, whatever else is cast aside, will have their way. Some remounting—very temporary remounting—of the old machine, under new colours and altered forms, will probably ensue soon in most countries; the old histrionic Kings will be admitted back under conditions, under 'Constitution,' with national Parliaments, or the like fashionable adjuncts; and everywhere the old daily life will try to begin again. But there is now no hope that such arrangements can be permanent; that they can be other than poor temporary makeshifts, which, if they try to fancy and make themselves permanent, will be displaced by new explosions recurring more speedily than last time. In such baleful oscillation, afloat as amid raging bottomless eddies and conflicting sea currents, not steadfast as on fixed foundations, must European Society continue swaying, now disastrously tumbling, then painfully readjusting itself, at ever shorter intervals—till once the *new* rock-basis does come to light, and the weltering deluges of mutiny, and of need to mutiny, abate again!"² (pp. 267-68.)

So much for history, which even in this form is scarcely consoling for the old world. Now we come to the moral: "For universal *Democracy*, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself an inevitable fact of the days in which we live." (p. 268.) What is democracy? It must have a meaning or it would not exist. So everything depends on discovering the true meaning of democracy. If we succeed in this, we can get along; if not, we are lost. The February Revolution was "a universal *Bankruptcy of Imposture*; that may be the brief definition of it." (p. 271.) Appearances, shams delusions, phantasms, names that have become meaningless instead of real relations and things, in a word, the lie instead of truth has prevailed in modern times. To divorce the individual and society from these false phenomena and phantoms is the task of Reform, and its is undeniable that all sham and deceit must come to an end.

"Yet strange to many a man it does seem; and to many a

solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly; a mad ignorant nation, quite heterodox, and big with more ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams—all his life long; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams?" (p. 272.)

Will democracy accomplish this necessary reform, the liberation from sham?

"Democracy, once modelled into suffrages, furnished with ballot-boxes and such like, will itself accomplish the salutary universal change from Delusive to Real, and make a new blessed world of us by and by." (p. 273.)

Carlyle denies this. He sees in democracy and universal suffrage only an infection of all peoples spread by the superstitious English belief in the infallibility of parliamentary government. The crew of a ship had lost its way around Cape Horn and, instead of studying wind and weather and using the compass, voted on the course to follow and declared that the decision of the majority was infallible—that is universal suffrage, which aspires to the helm of the state. Just as for every individual, so for society it is only a question of discovering the true rules of the universe, the eternally valid laws of nature in relation to the given task at hand and of acting accordingly. Whoever uncovers these eternal laws for us we follow, "were it Russian Autocrat, Chartist Parliament, Grand Lama, Force of Public Opinion, Archbishop of Canterbury . . ." (p. 276.)

But how do we discover these eternal precepts of God? In any case, universal suffrage which gives everyone a ballot and counts votes, is the worst road to follow. The universe is of a very exclusive nature and from time immemorial has imparted its secrets only to a few of the elect, a small minority

of wise and noble spirits. Hence no nation has ever been able to exist on the basis of democracy. The Greeks and Romans? Everyone knows today they did not form democracies, that slavery was the basis of their states. Of the various French republics it is quite unnecessary to speak. And the model republic in North America? Up to now it cannot be said of the Americans that they form a nation, a state. The American people live without government: what prevails there is anarchy plus a police-constable. This situation is made possible by the vast stretches of still undeveloped land and the respect for the constabulary brought over from England. With the increase in population this too will come to an end. "What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there?" (p. 280.) Its population has doubled every twenty years—that is all.

So on both sides of the Atlantic democracy is forever impossible. The universe itself is a monarchy and a hierarchy. There is no nation in which the divine duty of constantly leading and guiding the ignorant is not entrusted to the noblest with their hierarchy of chosen subordinates. Such is the kingdom of God, corresponding to the eternal laws of nature.

Now we also learn the secret, the source, and the necessity of modern democracy. It simply consists of the fact that the sham noble is elevated and consecrated by tradition or newly invented deceptions.

And who is to discover the true human jewel with its full setting of lesser human gems and pearls? Certainly not universal suffrage: for only the noble can seek out his fellow nobles. And so Carlyle asserts that Engand still has a number of such noblemen and "kings"—on page 38 he invites them to apply to him.

You can see how the "noble" Carlyle proceeds from a completely pantheist point of view. The entire historic process is not determined by the evolution of living masses themselves, who naturally depend on definite but historically produced and changing conditions; it is determined by an eternal law of nature, immutable for all times, from which

it has today drawn apart and to which tomorrow it will again draw near, and on the correct understanding of which everything depends. This correct understanding of the eternal law of nature is eternal truth—everything else is false. With this point of view, the real class antagonisms, different as they may be in different periods, are all resolved in the one great and eternal antagonism between those who have established the eternal law of nature and act accordingly, the wise and noble ones, and those who understand it badly, distort it, and act against it, the fools and knaves. Historically created class differences are made into natural differences which people must recognize and revere as a part of the eternal law of nature by bowing before the wise and noble ones in nature: the cult of genius. His whole view of the historic process sinks to the level of the stale triviality of the wisdom of the eighteenth century Illuminati and Free Masons, to the simple morality of *The Magic Flute*, and to a completely demoralized and banal Saint-Simonism. Naturally the old question then arises: who should really rule? It is discussed in great detail and with pretentious platitudes. And the final answer is that the noble, wise, and learned ones should rule. From this the conclusion is then quite freely drawn that much, very much has to be ruled; that one can never rule too much; indeed, that ruling is the constant revelation and assertion of the law of nature to the masses. But how are the wise and noble to be discovered? No superhuman miracle reveals them: we have to look for them. And here the historic class differences transformed into purely natural differences again come to the fore. The noble is noble because he is a wise and learned man. So he has to be sought among the classes which have the monopoly of culture—among the privileged classes and these classes are the ones who will find him in their midst, who will decide on his claims to join the ranks of the wise and noble. Thus the privileged classes immediately become, if not the downright wise and noble, at least the "articulate" classes; the oppressed classes are of course the "dumb and inarticulate." Thus class rule is again sanctioned. All this highly indignant blustering turns into a somewhat cloaked recognition of existing class rule, which

simply frets and grumbles because the bourgeoisie does not give its misunderstood geniuses any positions at the head of society and for very practical reasons refuses to accept the fantastic drivel of these gentlemen. Furthermore, Carlyle gives us striking examples of how here too bombastic twaddle turns into its opposite, how in practice the noble, wise and learned change into the mean, foolish and ignorant.

Since he believes that strong government determines everything, he is highly incensed against the cry for freedom and emancipation:

“. . . Let us all be ‘free’ of one another; we shall then be happy. Free, without bond or connection except that of cash-payment; fair-day’s wages for the fair-day’s work; bargained for by voluntary contracts, and law of supply and demand: this is thought to be the true solution of all difficulties and injustices that have occurred between man and man. To rectify the relation that exists between two men, is there no method, then, but that of ending it?” (p.283.)

This complete dissolution of all ties and all relations among men naturally reaches its height in anarchy, the law of lawlessness, the situation in which government, the supreme tie, is completely sundered. And that is what people in England and on the Continent are striving for—even people in “solid Germany.”

So Carlyle bumbles along for several pages, mixing together in most curious fashion Red Republic, Fraternity, and Louis Blanc, with Free Trade, repeal of the Corn Laws, etc. (See p. 29 to p. 42.) Carlyle confuses and identifies the destruction of the traditional vestiges of feudalism, the reduction of the state to its cheapest and indispensable minimum, and the complete achievement of free competition with the very abolition of these bourgeois relationships, with the elimination of the antagonism between capital and wage-labour, with the overthrow of the bourgeoisie by the proletariat. A brilliant return to the “night of Absolutes,” in which all cats are gray! What deep wisdom of the “learned” who do not know the first word about events occurring around them! Strange acumen, which thinks that by eliminating feudalism

or free competition it has eliminated all relations among men! What a basic analysis of "the eternal law of nature," which believes in all seriousness that no more children will come into the world if parents no longer go first to the City Hall to "bind" themselves in marriage!

After this edifying example of wisdom which ends up in pure nonsense, Carlyle also shows us how his loudly proclaimed noble-mindedness changes immediately into downright meanness as soon as he steps down from his heaven of phrases and aphorisms into the world of real relations:

"In all European countries, especially in England, one class of captains and commanders of men, recognizable as the beginning of a new real and not imaginary 'aristocracy', has already in some measure developed itself: and captains of industry—happily the class who above all, or at least first of all, are wanted in this time. In the doing of material work, we have already men among us that can command bodies of men. And surely, on the other hand, there is no lack of men needing to be commanded: the sad class of brother-men whom we had to describe as 'Hodge's emancipated horses,' reduced to roving famine—this too has in all countries developed itself; and, in fatal geometrical progression, is ever more developing itself, with a rapidity which alarms every one. On this ground, if not on all manner of other grounds, it may be truly said, the 'Organization of Labour' (not organizable by the mad methods tried hitherto) is the universal vital Problem of the world." (p. 293.)

After Carlyle, with all his virtuous wrath, has for the first forty pages repeatedly assailed egotism, free competition, abolition of the feudal ties between men, supply and demand, *laissez-faire*, cotton-spinning, cash payment, etc., now we find all of a sudden that the chief representatives of all these shams, the industrial bourgeoisie, not only belong among the celebrated heroes and geniuses but even constitute an integral part of these heroes; and the trump card in all his attacks on bourgeois relations and ideas is glorification of members of the bourgeoisie. It seems strange that Carlyle, having discovered

the rulers and the ruled in labour, in other words, a definite organization of labour, nevertheless declares that this organization presents a big problem that has to be solved. But don't be fooled! It is not a question of an organization of the regimented workers, but of the unregimented, leaderless workers—and this task Carlyle has reserved for himself. At the end of his pamphlet we suddenly see him come forward as the British Prime Minister *in partibus* [without authority], calling together the three million Irish and other beggars, the wandering or stationary able-bodied have-nots, and a general national assembly of British paupers both inside and outside the workhouse, and "haranguing" them in a speech in which he first repeats to these have-nots what he has already confided to the reader and then addresses this select society as follows:

"Vagrant Lackalls, foolish most of you, criminal many of you, miserable all; the sight of you fills me with astonishment and despair. What to do with you I know not; long have I been meditating, and it is hard to tell. Here are some three millions of you, as I count: so many of you fallen sheer over into the abysses of open Beggary; and, fearful to think, every new unit that falls is loading so much more the chain that drags the others over. On the edge of the precipice hang uncounted millions; increasing, I am told, at the rate of twelve hundred a day. They hang there on the giddy edge, poor souls, cramping themselves down, holding on with all their strength; but falling, falling one after another; and the chain is getting *heavy*, so that ever more fall; and who at last will stand? What to do with you?" (p. 296.) "The others that still stand have their own difficulties, I can tell you!—But you, by imperfect energy and redundant appetite, by doing too little work and drinking too much beer, you (I bid you observe) have proved that you cannot do it!" (p. 297.) "Know that, whoever may be 'sons of freedom,' you for your part are not and cannot be such. Not 'free' you, I think, whoever may be free." (pp. 297-298.) "You are of the nature of *slaves*—or if you prefer the word, of *nomadic*, and now even vagrant and vagabond, servants that can find no master 'on those terms....Not as glorious unfortunate

sons of freedom, but as recognized captives, as unfortunate fallen brothers requiring that I should command you, and if need were, control and compel you, can there henceforth be a relation between us....Before Heaven and Earth, and God the Maker of us all, I declare it is a scandal to see such a life kept in you, by the sweat and heart's-blood of your brothers; and that, if we cannot mend it, death were preferable!" (p. 299.) "Enlist in my Irish, my Scotch and English 'Regiments of the New Era'....Enlist there, ye poor wandering banditti; obey, work, suffer, abstain, as all of us have had to do." (p. 300.) "Industrial Colonels, Work-masters, Task-masters, Life-commanders, equitable as Rhadamanthus and inflexible as he: such, I perceive, you do need; and such, you being once put under law as soldiers are, will be discoverable for you." (p. 301.) "To each of you I will then say: Here is work for you; strike into it with man-like, soldier-like obedience and heartiness, according to the methods here prescribed—wages follow for you without difficulty Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you." (p. 303.)

So the new era in which genius rules, differs from the old era mainly in that the whip imagines that it has become full of genius. The genius of Carlyle differs from that of the first best prison guards and poorhouse bailiffs in the righteous indignation and moral consciousness with which he flays the paupers only in order to raise them to his own level. Here we see the high-sounding genius, in his world-redeeming wrath, justify and exaggerate the infamies of the bourgeoisie in fantastic fashion. If the English bourgeoisie classed paupers with criminals and passed the Poor Law of 1833, Carlyle accuses paupers of high treason because pauperism produces pauperism. Just as previously the historically developed ruling class, the industrial bourgeoisie, shared in genius simply because it ruled, so now the oppressed class, the more deeply it is oppressed, the more it is excluded from genius and the more it is subjected to the violent rage of our misunderstood

reformer. Thus it is with the paupers. But his lofty moral fury reaches its height against the absolutely mean and ignoble, the "scoundrels"—in other words, against criminals. He deals with these in his pamphlet on model prisons.

This pamphlet differs from the first only in that it contains still greater fury, all the more venal since it is directed against those officially expelled from existing society, against people under lock and key; it is a fury that lacks even the show of seemliness which the bourgeois usually manifests at least for the sake of form. Just as in the first pamphlet Carlyle establishes a complete hierarchy of nobles and hunts out the noblest of the noble, so here he draws up a complete hierarchy of knaves and scoundrels, and considers tracking down the worst of the worst, the greatest scoundrel in England, in order to have the inordinate pleasure of hanging him. Catching him, he would seize and string him up; then somebody else becomes the worst and must in turn be hanged, and then still another, until finally he gets to the noble and then the nobler—and at the very end, no one is left save Carlyle, the noblest, who as persecutor of the scoundrels is at the same time a murderer of the noble and has even murdered whatever was noble in the scoundrels. Carlyle, the noblest of the noble, has suddenly changed into the basest of scoundrels and as such has to hang himself. Then all questions about government, the state, the organization of labour, and the hierarchy of the noble would be solved and the eternal law of nature would finally be realized.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, Book Review of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. 1, *The Present Time*, No. 2, *Model Prisons*, by Thomas Carlyle, London, 1850, in Franz Mehring, ed., *Literarischer Nachlass*, Vol. III, pp. 414-26.

On Shelley and Byron

The real difference between Byron and Shelley lies in the following: Those who understand and cherish them, consider it fortunate that Byron died in his thirty-sixth year,

since if he had lived longer he would have become a reactionary bourgeois. On the other hand, they regret that Shelley died at twenty-nine, since he was a thoroughgoing revolutionary and would always have belonged to the Socialist vanguard.

Comments of Karl Marx on Shelley and Byron, quoted by Eleanor Marx Aveling in "Shelley as a Socialist," *Die Neue Zeit*, Stuttgart, 1888, p. 541.

On the English Realists

The brilliant contemporary school of novelists in England, whose eloquent and graphic portrayals of the world have revealed more political and social truths than all the professional politicians, publicists, and moralists put together, has described every section of the middle class of "most respectable" pensioners and holders of government bonds, who look down on all kinds of business as something vulgar, down to the small shopkeepers and lawyers' clerks. How well Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and Mrs. Gaskell have depicted them! Full of conceit, affectations, petty tyranny and ignorance—and the civilized world has confirmed their verdict in the damning epigram it has pinned to the class: "It is servile to its superiors and tyrannical to its inferiors."

Karl Marx, "The English Middle Class," *New York Tribune*, Aug. 1, 1854, in Hermann Schlueter, *Die Chartistenbewegung*, p. 314.

On Chateaubriand

"Besides, I read St. Beuve's book on Chateaubriand, a writer whom I have always disliked. If he has become so famous in France, it is because in every respect he is the most classic incarnation of French vanity, and he embodies this

vanity not in a light and frivolous eighteenth century sense, but in romantic dress, flaunting newly hatched expressions, false depth, Byzantine exaggeration, toying with emotions, many-coloured sheen, word painting, theatrical, sublime, in a word, a mishmash of lies, never before achieved in form and content.

Karl Marx, Letter to Engels, Nov. 30, 1873, MEGA, Part III, Vol. 4, p. 409.

In studying the Spanish mess I again came upon the worthy Chateaubriand, that literary aesthete who combines in most offensive fashion the elegant skepticism and Voltairianism of the eighteenth century with the elegant sentimentalism and romanticism of the nineteenth century. *Stylistically*, of course, this linking was bound to be the rage in France, although even in his style, despite some artistic pieces, the false often becomes apparent. As for the political Chateaubriand, he revealed himself completely in his *Congress of Verona*, and the only question that arises is whether he "got cash" from Tsar Alexander I or was simply bribed by flatteries, to which the conceited ninny is most susceptible. [In any case] he received the Order of Saint Andrew in Petersburg. Vanity sticks out of all the pores of the Herr "Vicomte" (?), despite his now diabolic, now Christian coquetting with *Vanitas vanitatum* [vanity of vanities]. You know that at the time of the Congress, Villele was Prime Minister under Louis XVIII, and Chateaubriand was French Ambassador in Verona. In his *Congress of Verona*—which you may have read once—he informs us of the documents and negotiations, etc. He begins with a brief history of the Spanish Revolution of 1820-23. As far as this "history" is concerned, it is enough to cite that he places Madrid on the Tajo (simply in order to introduce the Spanish proverb that this river *cria oro* [breeds gold]); and he says that Riego at the head of 10,000 men (in reality, there were 5,000) attacked General Freyre at the head of 13,000; that Riego was de-

feated and then retreated with 15,000 men. Instead of retiring to the Sierra de Ronda, he has him retire to the Sierra Morena, in order to compare him with the hero of La Mancha [Don Quixote]. I mention this in passing, in order to characterize his methods. Almost not a single date correct.

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Oct. 26, 1854, MEGA, Part III, Vol. 2, pp. 58 f.

On Balzac

In Balzac's *Le Cure de Village* [*The Village Curate*] there is the following: "If industrial production were not double the value of its cost price in money, there would be no commerce." What do you say to that?

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Dec. 14, 1868, MEGA, Part III, Vol. 4, p. 144.

Apropos Balzac, I advise you to read *Le Chef d'oeuvre Inconnu* [*The Unknown Masterpiece*] and *Melmoth reconcilié* [*Melmoth Reconciled*]. They are two little masterpieces, full of delightful irony.

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Feb. 25, 1867, MEGA, Part III, Vol. 3, p. 376.

Thus, for instance, Balzac, who so thoroughly studied every shade of avarice, represents the old usurer Gobsec as in his second childhood when he begins to heap up a hoard of commodities.

Karl Marx, Capital, Vol. II, p. 645, footnote.

In a society ruled by capitalist production, even the non-capitalist producer is dominated by capitalist conceptions. In his last novel, *Les Paysans* [The Peasants], Balzac, who is generally remarkable for his profound grasp of actual conditions, aptly describes how the little peasant, in order to retain the goodwill of his usurer, performs many small tasks gratuitously for him and fancies that he does not give him anything for nothing, because his own labour does not cost him any cash outlay. The usurer, on the other hand, thereby kills two flies at one stroke. He saves a cash outlay for wages and gets the farmer more and more tangled in the net of the spider of usury, by gradually ruining him through the deviation of his labour from his own fields.

Karl Marx, *Capital*, Vol. III, p. 52.

On a Russian Democratic Writer

I have read the first 150 pages of Flerowsky's book (covering Siberia, Northern Russia, and Astrakhan). This is the first work in which the truth is told about economic conditions in Russia. The man is a decided opponent of what he calls "Russian optimism." I never had such high expectations of that Communist Eldorado, but Flerowsky goes beyond my fondest expectations. In fact, it is marvellous, and at the same time a sign of a turn in opinion, that such a book could be printed in St. Petersburg.

"In our country there are few proletarians—but the bulk of our working class consists of workers, whose lot is worse than that of any proletarian."*

His method of presentation is quite novel, reminiscent at times of Monteil. One sees that Flerowsky has travelled and observed much. Passionate hatred of landlords, capitalists, and government officials. No socialist theory, no mysticism of the soil (although he advocates communal property), no

* Quoted by Marx in Russian in the original. (Retranslated from the German.)—Ed.

nihilist exuberance. Here and there some rather good-natured anecdotes which, considering the level of development of the people to whom the book is addressed, are in order. At any rate, this is the most important book that has appeared since your *Condition of the Working Class in England*. And the family life of the Russian peasant—with its gruesome wife-beatings, vodka-drinking, and concubines—is depicted well. So it seems particularly apt if you now send me the lying fantasies of Citizen Herzen.

Karl Marx, Letter to Frederick Engels, Feb. 10, 1870, in *MEGA*, Part III, Vol. 4, p. 275.

Russian optimism, in which even many so-called revolutionaries on the Continent believe, is pitilessly exposed in this work. Its value is not lessened if I say that in some places it is not wholly satisfactory from the theoretical point of view. It is the work of a serious observer, a fearless worker, a dispassionate critic, a great artist and, above all, a man who rages at all types of bondage. He does not sing all kinds of hymns to the nation and passionately shares all the sorrows and aspirations of the productive class. Such works as those of Flerowsky and your teacher, Chernyshevsky, do honour to Russia and prove that your country is likewise beginning to participate in the general movement of our century.

Karl Marx, letter to the members of the Committee of the Russian section of the First International in Geneva, Mar. 24, 1870, *Karl Marx and Frederick Engels: Selected Letters*, Moscow, 1934, p. 232.

Marx's travels are mentioned in all authorities dealing with his life, though it has not been fully explained, probably because he did not keep a diary. APPENDIX

MARX AND LITERATURE

BY PAUL LAFARGUE

He knew Heine and Goethe by heart, and would often quote them in conversation. He read the poets constantly, selecting authors from all the European languages. Year after year he would read Aeschylus again in the original Greek, regarding this author and Shakespeare as the two greatest dramatic geniuses the world has ever known. He had made an exhaustive study of Shakespeare, for whom he had an unbounded admiration, and whose most insignificant characters, even, were familiar to him. There was a veritable Shakespeare cult in the Marx family, and the three daughters knew much of Shakespeare by heart. Shortly after 1848, when Marx wished to perfect his knowledge of English (which he could already read well), he sought out and classified all Shakespeare's characteristic expressions; and he did the same with some of the polemical writings of William Cobett, for whom he had a great esteem. Dante and Burns were among his favourite poets, and it was always a delight to him to hear his daughters recite Burns' satirical poems or sing Burns' love songs.

Cuvier, an indefatigable worker and one of the great masters of science, when director of the Paris Museum, had a number of work-rooms installed for his personal use. Each of these rooms was devoted to a particular branch of study, and for this purpose was equipped with the necessary books, instruments, anatomical accessories, etc. When wearied by some particular occupation, Cuvier would move on to the next room, finding that a change of mental work was just as good as a rest. Marx was just as untiring a worker as Cuvier, but he had not, like him, the means for provision of several workrooms. He rested himself by pacing up and down the room, so that between door and window the carpet had been worn threadbare along a track as sharply defined as a footpath through a meadow. Sometimes he would lie down on the sofa and read a novel; he often had two or three novels going at the same time, reading them by turns—for, like Darwin, he was a great novel reader. He had a preference for eighteenth century novels, and was especially fond of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. The modern novelists who pleased him best were Paul de Kock, Charles Lever, the elder Dumas and Sir Walter Scott, whose *Old Mortality* he considered a masterpiece. He had a predilection for tales of adventure and humorous stories. The greatest masters of romance were

for him Cervantes and Balzac. *Don Quixote* was for him the epic of the decay of chivalry, whose virtues in the newly rising bourgeois world became absurdities and follies. His admiration for Balzac was so profound that he had planned to write a criticism of *La Comedie Humaine* as soon as he should have finished his economic studies. Marx looked upon Balzac, not merely as the historian of the social life of his time, but as a prophetic creator of character types which still existed only in embryo during the reign of Louis Philippe, and which only reached full development under Napoleon III, after Balzac's death.

Marx could read all the leading European languages, and could write in three (German, French and English) in a way that aroused the admiration of all who were acquainted with these tongues; he was fond of saying: "A foreign language is a weapon in the struggle of life." He had a great talent for languages, and this was inherited by his daughters. He was already fifty years old when he began to learn Russian. Although the dead and living languages already known to him had no close etymological relation to Russian, he had made such progress in six months as to be able to enjoy reading in the original the works of the Russian poets and authors whom he especially prized: Pushkin, Gogol and Shchedrin. His reason for learning Russian was that he might be able to read certain official reports of investigations—which the government had suppressed because the revelations they contained were so appalling. Some devoted friends had managed to procure copies for Marx, who was certainly the only economist of Western Europe who had cognizance of them.

Besides the reading of poetry and novels, Marx had recourse to another and very remarkable means of mental relaxation, viz., mathematics, of which he was exceedingly fond. Algebra even gave him moral consolation; and he would take refuge in it during the most painful moments of a storm-tossed life. . . .

Marx united both the qualities essential to a brilliant thinker. He was incomparable in his power of analyzing an object into its constituent parts; and he was a master in the art of rebuilding this object, in all its details and in its various forms of development, and also in the art of discovering its inner connections. . . .

...When the children were still quite small, he would shorten the miles for them by telling them stories without end, fantastic fairy tales invented as he went along and spun out to fit the length of the walk, so that his hearers forgot their fatigue. Marx had an incomparably rich poetic imagination, and his first literary efforts were poems. His wife treasured these youthful verses, but would not let anyone see them. Marx's parents had intended their son to become a man of letters or a university professor. In their view he degraded himself by devoting himself to socialist agitation and by occupying himself with the study of political economy (a subject then little esteemed in Germany).

Marx once promised his daughters that he would write them a play about the Gracchi. Unfortunately this scheme never ripened. It would have been interesting to see what "the knight of the class war," as he was called would have made of the theme—a terrible and splendid episode in the class struggles of the ancient world. . . .

Karl Marx, His Life and Work, Reminiscences by Paul Lafargue and Wilhelm Liebknecht, pp. 10-12, 16, 20.

WALKS WITH MARX

BY WILHELM LIEBKNECHT

. . . Marx's style is indeed Marx. He has been reproached with having attempted to compress the greatest possible content in the smallest possible space, but that is precisely Marx.

Marx attached extraordinary value to pure correct expression and in Goethe, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes, whom he read every day, he had chosen the greatest masters. He showed the most painstaking conscientiousness in regard to purity and correctness of speech.

Marx was a severe purist—he often searched long and laboriously for the correct expression. He hated superfluous foreign words and if, nevertheless, he frequently used foreign words himself—where the subject did not require it—his long stay abroad, especially in England, must be borne in mind. But what an infinite wealth of original, genuine German word formations and word constructions we find in Marx who, in spite of the fact that two-thirds of his life were passed abroad, performed very high services for our German language and belongs to the most eminent masters and creators of the German language.

Our return home from Hampstead Heath was always very jolly, although the pleasure in retrospect did not evoke such joyful thoughts as in anticipation. We were saved from melancholy—although we certainly had only too good grounds for it—by our sardonic humour. The woes of the refugee did not exist for us—if anyone began to complain he was reminded in most emphatic fashion of his social duties.

The order of march on the way back was different from that on the way out. The children had made themselves tired by running about, and formed the rearguard together with Lenchen who, being lighter of foot and load since the basket was emptied, was now able to take charge of them. Usually we struck up a song, only rarely political songs, mainly folk songs, especially sentimental songs and—this is no fable—"patriotic" songs from the "Fatherland," such as *O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschone Stadt*, which was a great favourite. Or the children would sing Negro songs to us, and even dance as well—if their legs had recovered somewhat from fatigue. During the march, it was as impermissible to speak of politics as of refugee sorrows. On the other hand, we spoke much of literature and art, and then Marx had an opportunity of showing his tremendous memory. He would recite long passages from the *Divine Comedy*, of which he knew almost the whole by heart, and scenes from Shakespeare, in which case his wife who had an excellent knowledge of Shakespeare, would often relieve him . . .

Karl Marx, His Life and Work, Reminiscences by Paul Lafargue and Wilhelm Liebknecht, pp. 40-41, 54-55.

"CONFessions"*

Your favourite virtue—Simplicity.
Your favourite virtue in man—Strength.
Your favourite virtue in woman—Weakness.
Your chief characteristic—Singleness of purpose.
Your idea of happiness—To fight.
Your idea of misery—Submission.
The vice you excuse most—Gullibility.
The vice you detest most—Servility.
Your pet aversion—Martin Tupper.
Favourite occupation—Bookworming.
Poet—Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe.
Prose writer—Diderot.
Hero—Spartacus, Kepler.
Heroine—Gretchen.
Flower—Daphne.
Colour—Red.
Name—Laura, Jenny.
Dish—Fish.
Favourite maxim—*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto* [I regard nothing human as alien to me].
Favourite motto—*De omnibus dubitandum* [doubt everything].

* This was a game played by Marx and his daughters, Laura and Jenny, in which he supplied the answer to their questions.—Ed.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

AESCHYLUS (525-456 B.C.), Greek poet; author of tragedies.

ARAGO, DOMINICK (1786-1853), French mathematician and astronomer; member of the republican Provisional Government in 1848.

ARISTOPHANES (ca. 450-385 B.C.), Greek dramatist; author of comedies satirizing Athenian democracy during its decline.

ARISTOTLE (384-323 B.C.), Greek philosopher, "the greatest thinker of antiquity" (Marx); pioneered in all branches of knowledge.

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD (1812-1882), German writer; author of stories about peasant life in the Black Forest.

BAHR, HERMANN, Austrian impressionist writer; publicist and literary critic; at first a socialist, later became an anarchist; finally joined the Catholic Church in 1912.

BALZAC, HONORE DE (1799-1850), French writer and outstanding representative of the realistic novel in the nineteenth century.

BARTH, PAUL (1858-1922), German bourgeois sociologist and historian.

BAUER, BRUNO (1809-1882), German philosopher and publicist; one of the leaders of the Young Hegelians; reactionary journalist after the Revolution of 1848.

BAUER, EDGAR (1820-1886), brother and collaborator of Bruno Bauer; publicist and Young Hegelian.

BENEDIX, RODERICK (1811-1873), German dramatist and critic; editor of a popular liberal paper.

BENTHAM, JEREMY (1748-1832), English political writer; founder of Utilitarianism.

BERNSTEIN, EDUARD (1850-1932), German Social-Democrat; theoretician of the opportunist revision of Marxism.

BLANC, LOUIS (1811-1882), French petty-bourgeois socialist and historian; member of the republican Provisional Government in 1848.

BLUM, ROBERT (1807-1848), German democrat; leader of the Left in the Frankfurt National Assembly; participated in the Vienna uprising in 1848; executed during the counter-revolution in 1849.

BOERNE, LUDWIG (1786-1837), German democratic publicist and literary critic.

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE (1816-1855), English romantic novelist.

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796), beloved Scottish people's poet.

BYRON, GEORGE (1788-1824), English romantic poet.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881), English writer and philosopher; historian of the French Revolution; exponent of "hero worship."

CARRIERE, MORITZ (1817-1895), German Hegelian philosopher; writer on aesthetics.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE (1547-1616), great Spanish writer; author of *Don Quixote*.

CHAMISSO, ADALBERT (1781-1838), German romantic writer; author of *The Strange History of Peter Schlemiel*.

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANCOIS (1768-1848), French romantic poet; royalist; member of the government after the Restoration in 1815.

CHERNISHEVSKY, NIKOLAI (1828-1889), Russian economist, scientist, critic, and historian; materialist in philosophy; revolutionary democrat in politics; greatly admired by Marx; one of the forerunners of Russian Marxism.

COBBETT, WILLIAM (1762-1835), English radical publicist.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE (1789-1851), American romantic writer; author of novels dealing with American Indians and pioneers.

CROMWELL, OLIVER (1599-1658), leader of the English revolution of 1649; Lord Protector from 1653 to 1658.

DANTE, ALIGHIERI (1265-1321), great Italian poet; author of the *Divine Comedy*.

DANTON, GEORGES (1759-1794), bourgeois revolutionary leader and orator during the Great French Revolution.

DAUMER, GEORG FRIEDRICK (1800-1875), German petty-bourgeois poet and philosopher.

DESCARTES, RENE (1596-1650), great French philosopher.

DICKENS, CHARLES (1812-1870), English writer; one of the outstanding realistic novelists of the nineteenth century.

DIDEROT, DENIS (1713-1784), French materialist philosopher; leading representative of the eighteenth-century French Enlightenment; dramatist; novelist; art critic; editor and publisher of the great French *Encyclopedia*.

DINGELSTEDT, FRANZ (1814-1881), German political poet in the 1830's.

DUEHEING, EUGEN (1833-1921), German petty bourgeois socialist; instructor at University of Berlin; exerted considerable influence in the top circles of German Social-Democracy in the 1870's; Engels subjected him to a devastating critique in his famous *Herr Eugen Duehring's Revolution in Science (Anti-Duehring)*.

DUERER, ALBRECHT (1471-1528), German painter and etcher; outstanding representative of the South German Renaissance in the fifteenth-sixteenth centuries.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE (1804-1870), French romantic novelist; author of well-known historical adventure stories.

ECKERMANN, JACOB (1792-1874), secretary to Goethe in 1823-1832; author of *Conversations with Goethe*.

EISENMANN JOHANN (1795-1867), German liberal publicist; member of the Frankfurt National Assembly.

ENGELHARD, MAGDALENE-PHILIPPINE (1756-1831), German poet.

ERNST, PAUL (1866-1933), German writer and publicist; Social-Democrat in the 1880's; later an anarchist; finally a fascist.

FEUERBACH, LUDWIG (1804-1872), German philosopher; developed from Hegel's idealism to materialism; enjoyed great authority among

APPENDIX

Young Hegelians; influenced Marx and Engels during their early intellectual development.

FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB (1766-1814), German classical philosopher, forerunner of Hegel in the development of dialectics.

FIELDING, HENRY (1707-1754), outstanding novelist of the English Enlightenment.

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE (1821-1880), French novelist; one of the outstanding realists of the nineteenth century.

FLEROWSKY, V. V. (1829-1918), Russian publicist; Populist author of *Condition of the Working Class in Russia* (1869).

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND (1810-1876), German revolutionary poet; member of the editorial board of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* and member of the Communist League; while in emigration joined bourgeois-democratic circles.

GASKELL, ELIZABETH (1810-1865), English novelist; wrote on themes of social significance.

GHYLLANY, FRIEDRICH WILHELM (1807-1876), German writer; rationalist.

GODWIN, WILLIAM (1756-1836), English novelist and democratic political writer.

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG (1749-1832), great German writer; author of *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister* and other classics of German literature.

GOLDMANN, K. E., see Pentarchist.

GONCOURT, EDMOND (1822-1896), and JULES (1830-1870), brothers; novelists; founders of the naturalist school in French literature; literary prize named after them.

GRUEN, ANASTASIUS (1806-1876), German-Austrian lyric poet.

GRUEN, KARL (1817-1887), German publicist; leading representative of "True Socialism"; follower of Proudhon.

GUIZOT, FRANCOIS (1787-1874), French historian and statesman.

GUTZKOW, KARL (1811-1878), German dramatist, novelist and journalist; one of the representatives of the literary movement, Young Germany.

HAFIZ, MOHAMMED (1300-1389), Persian lyric poet.

HARKNESS, MARGARET (pseudonym of Joan Law), English socialist writer of the 1880's. Engels' letter to Margaret Harkness was retranslated from the German.

HECKER, FRIEDRICH (1811-1881), German democrat; leader of the Baden uprising in 1848; emigrated to the United States.

HEGEL, GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH (1770-1831), last of the great philosophers of German classical idealism; developed dialectics to an advanced stage, but on the basis of idealism; upholder of reactionary Prussian Government; Marx transformed and developed his logic into dialectical materialism.

HEINE, HEINRICH (1797-1856), great German lyric and satirical poet; friend and admirer of Marx.

HELVETIUS, CLAUDE ADRIEN (1715-1771), French Encyclopedist and materialist philosopher.

HERWEGH, GEORG (1817-1875), German lyric poet; proletarian writer; supporter of Marx.

HERZEN, ALEXANDER (1812-1870), Russian publicist and editor; revolutionary democrat; father of Populist "socialism" in Russia.

HESS, MOSES (1812-1875), German publicist; theoretician of "True Socialism"; member of the Communist League; later delegate to the Basle and Brussels congresses of the First International.

HOBES, THOMAS (1588-1679), English philosopher; continued the materialist tradition inaugurated by Bacon; representative of mechanical materialism; champion of absolute monarchy.

HOFFMAN, ERNST THEODOR A. (1776-1822), outstanding German romantic writer.

HOLBACH, PAUL HENRI (1723-1789), French materialist philosopher during the Enlightenment; author of *System of Nature*.

HOMER, poet of ancient Greece to whom the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are ascribed.

HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845), English poet and humourist.

HORACE, QUINTUS FLACCUS (65-8 B.C.), Roman poet.

HUGO, VICTOR (1802-1885), French novelist and poet; father of French romanticism in literature.

HUTTEN, ULRICH VON (1489-1523), German humanist and political leader during the Reformation; wrote pamphlets against the papacy; participated in the uprising of the South-German knights under the leadership of Franz von Sickingen.

IBSEN, HENRIK (1828-1905), noted Norwegian realistic dramatist.

IMMERMANN, KARL (1796-1840), German poet and romantic novelist.

JACKSON, CHARLES (1805-1880), American scientist, physician, physicist, and geologist; the first to use ether as an anesthetic.

JANIN, JULES (1804-1874), French writer and critic.

JEAN, PAUL, pseudonym of RICHTER, JOHANN (1763-1825), German petty-bourgeois humorous writer.

JUNG, ALEXANDER (1799-1884), German publicist; historian of literature.

JUVENAL (DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS) (ca. 54-138), Roman satirical poet.

KANT, IMMANUEL (1724-1804), great German philosopher; inaugurated German classical philosophy; oscillated between idealism and materialism.

KAUTSKY, MINNA (1832-1912) mother of Karl Kautsky; popular German Social-Democratic writer of the 1880-90's, author of several novels on social themes.

KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB (1724-1803), German poet and dramatist.

KNIGGE, ADOLPH (1752-1796), German writer.

KOCK, PAUL DE (1794-1871), well-known French novelist.

KOTZEBUE, AUGUST (1761-1819), German dramatist; political spy for the Russian government, assassinated by the student Karl Sand.

KRUG, FRIEDRICH (1776-1843), German poet.

KUEHNE, GUSTAV (1806-1888), German writer; belonged to the Young Germany movement.

APPENDIX

LAFARGUE, PAUL (1842-1911), one of the first leaders of the Marxist wing in the French labour movement; member of the First International; founder of the Socialist Party in 1880; author of many works on cultural and literary subjects and of popularizations of Marxism; husband of Marx's daughter, Laura.

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE (1790-1869), French romantic poet, historian, and bourgeois political figurehead of the republican Provisional Government in 1848.

LASSALLE, FERDINAND (1825-1864), German lawyer and socialist; after several years of organizational activity helped to revive the labour movement in Germany by founding the General German Workers' Union in 1863; tried to involve it in a coalition with the Bismarck government; his numerous writings became a source of opportunism in the labour movement; continuously combated by Marx.

LAUBE, HEINRICH (1806-1884), German writer; member of Young Germany.

LEO, HEINRICH (1799-1878), German historian and publicist.

LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM (1720-1781), German dramatist, poet, and publicist; leader of the revolutionary democratic wing of the German Enlightenment.

LIEBKNECHT, WILHELM (1826-1900), member of Communist League; participant in the Baden uprising; emigrated to London; one of the founders of the German Social-Democratic Party; friend of Marx and Engels.

LOCKE, JOHN (1632-1704), English materialist philosopher; theoretical spokesman of the British bourgeoisie in the Revolution of 1688 and after; exerted great influence on British, French, and American thought.

LUTHER, MARTIN (1483-1546), leader of the Reformation in Germany.

MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO (1469-1527), Italian political writer and historian during the Renaissance.

MARRYAT, FREDERICK (1792-1848), English naval captain and author of adventure stories dealing with the life of sailors.

MARX, ELEANOR (1856-1898), daughter of Marx; wife of Edward Aveling; active in the English and international labour movement.

MAEURER, GERMAN (1815-1882), German poet; democrat; founder of the League of the Outcasts in Paris.

MEHRING, FRANZ (1846-1919), historian and literary critic; one of the leaders of the left wing in German Social-Democracy; member of the Spartacus group (forerunner of the Communist Party) in 1918-19; author of biographical studies of Marx and Engels which contributed greatly to the study of the founders of scientific communism, but which contain serious errors and deviations from revolutionary Marxism.

MEISSNER, ALFRED (1822-1855), German "True Socialist" poet, novelist, and publicist.

MENZEL, WOLFGANG (1793-1873), German literary critic and publicist; liberal; later, reactionary.

MIGNET, FRANCOIS AUGUSTE MARIE (1796-1884), French historian; author of *History of the French Revolution* (1824).

MONTEIL, AMANS ALEXIS (1769-1850), French historian.

MORGAN, LEWIS HENRY (1818-1881), American anthropologist; author of *Ancient Society* which Marx and Engels hailed as a confirmation of their materialist conception of history. Engels' *Origin of the Family* was based on Morgan's work.

MOSEN, JULIUS (1803-1867), German poet.

MUNDT, THEODOR (1808-1861), German writer and publisher of numerous magazines during the 1830's; belonged to Young Germany.

NOAK, LUDWIG (1819-1885), German theologian and philosopher.

OSWALD, FRIEDRICH, pseudonym used by Frederick Engels during the early 'forties.

OWEN, ROBERT (1771-1858), great English utopian socialist.

PAGANINI, NICOLO (1782-1840), famous Italian violinist.

PENTARCHIST, THE (pseudonym of K. E. Goldmann), author of a pro-Russian book *The European Pentarchy* which appeared anonymously in Leipzig in 1839.

PLATEN, AUGUST (1796-1835), German poet.

PLATO, (ca. 430-347 B.C.), Greek philosopher; objective idealist.

PROUDHON, PIERRE (1809-1865), French petty-bourgeois socialist; later one of the founders of anarchism. See Marx's *Poverty of Philosophy* for a critique of Proudhon.

PUECKLER-MUSKAU, HERMANN (1785-1871), German writer; author of well-known humorous travel sketches.

PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER (1799-1837), Russian poet and writer; considered father of Russian literature.

RACINE, JEAN BAPTISTE (1639-1699), French classical dramatist.

RADEWELL, FRIEDRICH, author of *Til Eulenspiegel* (1840).

RAPHAEL SANTI (1483-1520), one of the greatest painters of the Renaissance.

RAUMER, FRIEDRICH (1781-1873), German historian.

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669), Dutch painter.

ROSENKRANZ, KARL (1805-1879), professor of philosophy at Koenigsberg; biographer of Hegel.

ROTTECK, KARL (1775-1840), historian and liberal politician.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES (1712-1778), French writer and philosopher.

SACHS, HANS (1494-1576), handicraftsman of Nuremberg; poet and outstanding representative of the German *Meistersinger*.

SAINT-BEUVÉ, CHARLES AUGUSTIN (1804-1869), French critic, poet, and literary historian.

SAINT SIMON, CLAUDE HENRI (1760-1825), French utopian socialist.

SAND, GEORGE (1804-1876), French woman writer; author of many novels on social themes.

SAPHIR, MORITZ (1795-1858), German-Austrian satirist.

APPENDIX

SCHELLING, FRIEDRICH (1775-1854), one of the outstanding representatives of German classical philosophy; after Hegel's death became an ideologist of reaction.

SCHILLER, FRIEDRICH (1759-1805), outstanding German poet and dramatist; author of *William Tell*, *The Robbers*, *Craft and Love*; champion of freedom, he ranks with Goethe as one of the geniuses of German classical literature.

SCHLUETER, HERMANN, German Social-Democrat; worked with Engels; emigrated to the United States; editor of the New York *Volkszeitung* until his death; author of studies on Chartism, the German-American labour movement, etc.; died in 1918.

SALTIKOV-SCHEDRIN, MICHAEL (1821-1889), Russian writer and satirist.

SCOTT, WALTER (1771-1832), Scottish poet and novelist; representative of the historical novel in Europe in the nineteenth century.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616), England's greatest poet and dramatist.

SHELLEY, PERCY B. (1792-1822), English lyric poet, revolutionary democrat.

SIEBEL, KARL, Rhenish poet; relative of Engels.

SMITH, ADAM (1723-1790), founder of the classical school of political economy; author of *The Wealth of Nations*.

SOULOUQUE (1787-1867), Negro president of Haiti; proclaimed himself emperor in 1849; overthrown in 1859.

SPINOZA BARUCH (1632-1677), famous Dutch-Jewish philosopher; a forerunner of modern materialism.

SPARTACUS (died 71 B.C.), leader of uprising of Roman slaves.

STARKENBURG, HEINZ, German Social-Democrat; corresponded with Engels.

STERNBERG, ALEXANDER (1806-1868), German novelist; reactionary.

STIRNER, MAX (1806-1856), German philosopher; Left Hegelian; theoretician of petty-bourgeois anarchism.

STORCH, HEINRICH-FRIEDRICH (1766-1835), economist; author of works dealing with Russian economics and statistics.

STRAUSS, DAVID (1808-1874), German theologian; Hegelian; author of *Life of Jesus*; inaugurated scientific treatment of religious history by Young Hegelians.

STRUVE, GUSTAVE (1805-1870), German writer; bourgeois democrat. participated in the Baden uprising in 1848.

SUE, EUGENE (1804-1857), French novelist; author of popular social novels during the 1830's-1840's.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM M. (1816-1863), English novelist; one of the leading representatives of the realistic novel in the nineteenth century.

THIERRY, AUGUSTIN (1795-1856), French historian; assistant to Saint Simon for three years.

THORWALDSEN, BERTEL (1770-1844), Danish sculptor.

TITIAN (1477-1576), outstanding painter of the Venetian school.

TRISTAN, FLORA (1803-1844), French socialist writer.

TURGOT, ANNE ROBERT (1727-1781), French economist of the physiocratic school; Minister of Finance (1774-1776).

TUPPER, MARTIN (1810-1889), popular English poet during 1850-60; noted for rhymed platitudes; was Marx's "pet aversion."

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, KARL (1785-1858), German literary figure; historian and biographer; husband of Rahel Varnhagen; prominent in liberal literary circles of Germany.

VARNHAGEN, RAHEL (1771-1833), maintained a literary salon in Berlin; patroness of German men of letters; friend of Heine.

VERNET, HORACE (1789-1863), French artist.

VICO, GIOVANNI (1668-1774), Italian philosopher; founder of the philosophy of history; author of *The New Science* which treats history in terms of social evolution.

VINCI, LEONARDO DA (1452-1519), Italian painter, sculptor, architect and scientist during the Renaissance.

VIDEOQ, FRANCOIS EUGENE (1775-1857), French adventurer.

VIZETELLY, HENRI (1820-1894), English publisher and journalist.

VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS MARIE (1694-1778), one of the great figures of the French Enlightenment; writer, poet, and philosopher-deist.

VOSS, JOHANN HEINRICH (1751-1826), German poet; translator of Homer.

WAGNER, RICHARD (1813-1883), German composer-dramatist; a "True Socialist" at first; later follower of Schopenhauer.

WALDAU, MAX (1825-1855), German writer.

WEERTH, GEORG (1822-1856), German proletarian poet and journalist; member of the Communist League; one of the editors of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; friend of Marx and Engels.

WELCKER, KARL (1790-1869), German jurist and publicist; one of the leaders of the bourgeois liberals during 1830-40.

WIELAND, CHRISTOPH MARTIN (1733-1813), German poet.

WIENBERG, LUDOLPH (1802-1872), theoretician of Young Germany; poet.

WOLFF, WILHELM (1809-1864), language teacher in Silesia; one of the organizers of the Central Committee of the Communist League; co-editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; emigrated to London in 1848; close friend of Marx and Engels; first volume of Marx's *Capital* dedicated to him.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH (ca. 1170-1220), German poet.

ZOLA, EMILE (1840-1902), novelist; leader of naturalists in French literature.

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